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The Age of Innocence, by Hugh Walpole, on page 1022

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Speculation

THIS is sheer speculation, of course, but it is worth considering: When literary fashions change, who does the real changing, who leads; who follows, not because they will, but because they must? Is it the brain that leads (and sometimes misleads) the other members?

Old-fashioned romance and sentiment feed fat in the movies, utterly oblivious to the sophistication, realism, naturalism, cynicism that are the chief concern of the foremost novelists today. The best reading intellects, so we are told, batten on detective stories, certainly not because they find great literature there, since the detective story is clearly decadent, and its one novel mystery is how so many old tricks can be used over and over again with some success. Mr. Sabatini who is a skilful, if not a great, historical romancer never fails of his market, and if George Preedy's "General Crack" did not sell 100,000 copies, it was only because the public were not yet warmed to the author's name.

It is not the followers, it is the leaders that have changed. They, the real leaders—with a few exceptions, like the two men named above—have lost interest in adventure, heroism, romance, and have clasped everyday life to their bosoms, thrilling with psychological thrills and neurotic shivers. And the best books of this decade have naturally, therefore, been realistic, scientific, interpretative, representing what seems to be true to observation rather than what ought or might be true to wish and hope, so we say that the age has changed its taste, that human nature has altered, that interests are different!

H. G. Wells, with his shrewd cockney eye, and his liberal scientific mind set on the democratic future, gets his hundred thousand readers, why?—because he wants what the populace wants, or because he writes so well of it? Sir Walter Scott, that old reactionary, who really believed in feudalism, and therefore loved it, and saw its best side, and warmed his imagination over it—did he get his hundred thousand readers in the little United States that then was, because he ran against the currents of a republic changing itself with startling rapidity into a democracy, or because he was so stirred by heroes and heroism that the very people who were shouting for the rights of the common man read him with delight? If it had been Scott, instead of Godwin, who wrote of liberal ideas and the ideals of freedom, we might have read more Scott. But since he wrote what he loved, what he could write of superbly, we read him, Jeffersonian republicans, Jackson democrats, everyone read Scott.

In the professional talk of periods, influences, reactions, much must be discounted. They exist, of course, and social and economic movements, such as those which made modern journalism possible, lie behind them. But at the end and the beginning of writing, is the writer. When he writes a great book that is widely read he makes a fashion. It is what interests him that determines the direction of literary popularity, for he creates popularity. If the most talked of books now are of complexes and complexities, that does not mean that the public has lost interest in romance and will feed now only upon Freudianism. It means only that the best writers are not writing romance. And the answer that something in their environment makes them realists, is not so convincing as it sounds.

As, for example, if Scott, with his vigor, his zest for adventure, his relish for distinguished living, his hatred of dull everyday complications, should limp again among the living, would he not assuredly write, not another "Lady of the Lake" or "Ivanhoe," but certainly a romance with a plot that would run away with interest, and characters; bold, striking, imaginative, not subtle, not scientific, not inhibited or neurotic! He would write a broad and moving story, rich in personalities, sinewy with events, tingling with hearty prejudices of loyalty and courage, less long-winded than his old books, and with fewer stops for stage scenery, but with a height of sheer narrative interest that no contemporary could equal. Would the age of realism daunt him, or any writer with his strength and his obsessions? Not a bit. Would he get praise and a following? Most certainly. The Scotts of the last age and this one have been little men: the great souls have been Dostoyevskys, Flauberts, Hardys, Merediths, and Jameses. Was this due to climate, to historic movements, to psychological shifts, to the industrial revolution, to science and its materialisms? Yes, to all of them; and yet not all together explain the change in our books. Scratch a realist in any period and you bare romantic cuticle. Give a romancer a stomach ache and he turns toward realism.

(*Continued on page* 1020)

Sonnet

By HENRIETTE DE S. BLANDING

A SONNET is a hellish thing to write.
Petrarch and Spenser left us much to do.
I am weary of burning candles in the night
With neat iambics rhyming two and two.
I'd rather travel with some gypsy carter
Over red roads fierce with the desert sun,
Scour greasy pots with sand, and maybe barter
A spavined horse for corn or rusted gun.
Then when a yellow moon hung in the east,
Wrapped in a bright serape at his side
Sleep like a stone, wanting nor ring nor priest,
A mongrel dog to watch our fire. Pride
Works strangely. Since you are not he, instead
I find these scribbled verses by my bed.

This Week

"On the Bottom."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.

"Red Tiger."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Passing."
Reviewed by W. B. SEABROOK.

"Wolf Solent."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Cement."
Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON.

"Twelve Bad Men."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"Freedom of the Seas."
Reviewed by STEWART BEACH.

A Poetry Review.
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Next Week, or Later

"Angels and Earthly Creatures."
Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM.

Modern Morality*

By CHARLES A. BENNETT
Yale University

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN quotes a remark of Huxley's—"a man's worst troubles begin when he is free to do as he likes." The words have a painful relevance to our present discontents. Any reflective person today might well exclaim, *de ma fabula!* For we are certainly free. The traditional sanctions have been dissolved by what Mr. Lippmann calls "the acids of modernity." The intellectual security in which our fathers lived is as remote as a Golden Age. A cosmic scheme in which the drama and destiny of the human soul are known and understood, a moral code defining duties and specifying rewards and punishments that has been revealed through the medium of an inspired book or an inspired society, an established social order whose conventions and institutions derive their authority from a supernatural source,—none of these certainties is for us. There is hardly an institution today that is not being challenged to present its credentials. In morals we are all for toleration and personal liberty. In our political philosophy we are pluralists or individualists. Art, in revolt against "stale conventions," is hot for experiment and novelty. Organized religion is being dissipated into fantastic cults or is evaporating in the religiosity of a purely personal mysticism. Truly we have won our freedom. Yet it seems to have brought us only a clamor and confusion of tongues: preferences that we cannot justify and desires without a standard. Modern man—

> finds that the civilization of which he is a part leaves a dusty taste in his mouth. He may be very busy with many things, but he discovers one day that he is no longer sure they are worth doing. He has been much preoccupied; but he is no longer sure he knows why. He has become involved in an elaborate routine of pleasures; and they do not seem to amuse him very much. He finds it hard to believe that doing any one thing is better than doing any other thing, or, indeed, that it is better than doing nothing at all. It occurs to him that it is a great deal of trouble to live, and that even in the best of lives the thrills are few and far between.

To the defenders of the old régime, to the guardians of the faith, the devotees of discipline, and the champions of Law and Order, the prevailing scepticism, individualism, and experimentation are symptoms of insubordination or moral perversity. Thus if you plead for more lenient divorce laws you will be told that you are hankering after free love; the advocates of birth control are suspected of wanting to make easy the path of the sensualist; the ideal of personal liberty is dismissed as a polite term for "license." The professional moralist meets the situation by trying to scold or threaten men back to conformity. That is hopeless. For, as Mr. Lippmann points out, the essence of our predicament is not that men are defiant or wicked, but that they are frankly bewildered, "ridden by doubts because they do not know what they prefer, nor why." It is useless to appeal to authority when the very idea of authority has become incredible:—

> It is presumptuous to issue moral commandments, for in fact nobody has authority to command. It is useless to command when nobody has the disposition to obey. It is futile when nobody really knows exactly what to command. . . . Yet there remain the wants which orthodoxy of some sort satisfies. The natural man, when he is released

* A PREFACE TO MORALS. By WALTER LIPPMANN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $2.50.

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from restraints, and has no substitute for them, is at sixes and sevens with himself and the world. For in the free play of his uninhibited instincts he does not find any natural substitute for those accumulated convictions which, however badly they did it, nevertheless organized his soul, economized his effort, consoled him, and gave him dignity in his own eyes, because he was part of some greater whole. . . . And so the modern world is haunted by a realization, which it becomes constantly less easy to ignore, that it is impossible to reconstruct an enduring orthodoxy, and impossible to live well without the satisfaction which an orthodoxy would provide.

I have given a mere sketch of the way in which Mr. Lippmann envisages the problem as it is today presented to the student of morals. Readers who wish to see how the details are filled in will find in Part I of his book a discerning analysis of the causes and consequences of "the dissolution of the ancestral order." There was a time when religion inspired, protected, and unified all the major interests of human life. The last five hundred years have seen the children of religion growing up and leaving home. One by one the various interests have claimed and secured their independence. Today the principle of autonomy has triumphed. We have become experts in fixing territorial boundaries. At every frontier we have set up warning signs, "Keep out. This means you." We have assigned a proper sphere to science and a proper sphere to religion. We regard the separation of Church and State as an achievement. We no longer confuse art with morals, and business we have discriminated from both. The thing has happened partly in the course of natural development, partly as a consequence of change in historic circumstances. The result shows elements both of gain and loss. It is with the loss that Mr. Lippmann is chiefly concerned. For to say that religion no longer regulates our civic duties, our economic activities, our family life, and our opinions, is to say that nothing regulates them. We confront a number of independent activities, each claiming, as it were, to be a self-sufficient good. To choose one of them would be fanaticism; to harmonize them is beyond our powers. The breakdown of the traditional order thus means that our civilization lacks unity, coherence, and direction. What it all comes to and whether it is bound are questions we cannot answer. In spite of conspicuous accomplishment in different fields, in spite of much talk of progress, we have an uneasy feeling that our lives lack ultimate significance.

In Part II, the author tells us the direction in which he looks for a solution. What he gives us is, in effect, the outlines of a philosophy of humanism. Since no merely external authority can any longer convince, the standard must come from within. The ony restraint modern men will accept is that which is imposed on them by the demands of their own human nature when that nature has been understood. The good life, then, is neither an irrational surrender to immature desire on the one hand, nor an equally irrational if reluctant acceptance of duty on the other. It is the life which recommends itself to us when our desires have been schooled by a knowledge of hard fact and enlightened by intelligent criticism. From this point of view the function of the moralist is not to command but to persuade:—

> To persuade he must show that the course of conduct he advocates is not an arbitrary pattern to which vitality must submit, but that which vitality itself would choose if it were clearly understood. He must be able to show that goodness is victorious vitality, and badness defeated vitality.

Far from claiming any novelty for these ideas, Mr. Lippmann is at pains to show that they are the burden of wisdom both ancient and modern. The persistent note of Greek and modern philosophy is that the good is the object of intelligent desire, and Mr. Lippmann quotes from sayings of Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, and Spinoza, to show that the spirit of their teaching was one of detachment and disinterestedness. Finally, psychologists today are telling us that the development of personality is concomitant with a putting away of childish things, and with an emancipation from immature, illusory, and undisciplined aspirations. The good man is the mature man and the mature man is he who is adapted to reality.

No, the novelty lies not in the ideas but in their application to contemporary problems. To this the third part of the book is devoted. Space forbids me to follow in detail the discussion of business, of government, and of the ethics of love and marriage. His treatment of these themes is extraordinarily illuminating and of great practical value. I will content myself with quoting two or three passages in order to suggest what this philosophy of humanism comes to when it is brought to bear on concrete issues:—

> Insofar as industry itself evolves its own control, it will regain its liberty from external interference. To say that is to say simply that the "natural liberty" of the early business man was unworkable because the early business man was unregenerate; he was immature, and he was therefore acquisitive. The only kind of liberty which is workable in the real world is the liberty of the disinterested man, of the man who has transformed his passions by an understanding of necessity. . . .
>
> The naively democratic theory was that out of the mass of the voters there arose a cloud of wills which ascended to heaven, condensed into a thunderbolt, and then smote the people. It was supposed that the opinion of masses of persons somehow became the opinion of a corporate person called The People, and that this corporate person then directed human affairs like a monarch. But that is not what happens. Government is in the people and stays there. Government is their multitudinous decisions in concrete situations, and what officials do is to assist and facilitate this process of governing. Effective laws may be said to register an understanding among those concerned by which the law-abiding know what to expect and what is expected of them; . . .
>
> But if it is the truth that the convention of marriage correctly interprets human experience, whereas the separatist conventions are self-defeating, then the convention of marriage will prove to be the conclusion which emerges out of all this immense experimenting. It will survive, not as a rule of law imposed by force, for that is now, I think, become impossible. It will not survive as a moral commandment with which the elderly can threaten the young. They will not listen. It will survive as the dominant insight into the reality of love and happiness, or it will not survive at all.

The book is provocative and there are many places where one would like to stop and engage the author in discussion. I must, however, confine myself to one criticism. I find a serious ambiguity in Mr. Lippmann's conception of humanism. To put it briefly, he seems to have confused humanism with Stoicism. There is no doubt that it is the ideals of Stoicism which appeal most strongly to him, and my guess would be that his personal predilections have given a quality and emphasis to his argument that do not properly belong to it. The mature man, he says—

> Cannot let his wishes become too deeply involved in things. He can no longer count on possessing whatever he may happen to want. And therefore he must learn to want what he can possess. He can no longer hold forever the things at which he grasps; for they change, and slip away. And therefore he must learn to hold on to things which do not slip away and change, to hold on to things, not by grasping them, but by understanding them and by remembering them. . . . He would take the world as it comes, and within himself remain quite unperturbed. . . . He would be strong, not with the strength of hard resolves, but because he was free of that tension which vain expectations beget. . . . Since nothing gnawed at his vitals, neither doubt or ambition, nor frustration, nor fear, he would move easily through life. And so whether he saw the thing as comedy, or high tragedy, or plain farce, he would affirm that it is what it is, and that the wise man can enjoy it.

Many other passages in the same vein might be quoted. I can see no reason for giving the name of humanism to this attitude of clear-eyed, serene, and austere acceptance of ultimate fact. If this be what disinterestedness and detachment mean, then disinterestedness is only a fine name for disillusionment, and the detachment is that of an indifferent, because purely rational, observer. The objection to this is the objection that may be brought against Stoicism in all its historic forms: it clips the wings of aspiration and leads men to pitch their ambitions too low. The error of the Stoic is to think that he knows what those "hard facts" are which set the limit to human desire, that he comprehends that "reality" to which we must adjust ourselves. We do not possess such knowledge. The aspiration after immortality or the ideal of human brotherhood, for example,—are these mere childish longings for the impossible or are they to be taken seriously? No philosopher knows enough to condemn them in advance as examples of the vanity of human wishes. For one may not argue that because a respect for literal reality is a necessary factor in the education of primitive human nature, therefore it is the only factor. One cannot so easily identify enlightenment with resignation.

Mr. Lippman, one may take it, is familiar with this type of criticism, and so when he is discussing his hopes for business, or for politics, what he recommends is not Stoicism but humanism. What he is trying to do is what he himself defines as the original business of the moralist. This is not to put a damper on desire by confronting it with inexorable facts, but—

> To elucidate the ideals with which the modern world is pregnant. . . . Insofar as he succeeds in disentangling that which men think they believe from that which it is appropriate for them to believe, he is opening his mind to a true vision of the good life. The vision itself we can discern only faintly, for we have as yet only the occasional and fragmentary testimony of sages and saints and heroes, dim anticipations here and there, a most imperfect science of human behavior, and our own obscure endeaver to make explicit and rational the stresses of the modern world within our own souls.

No charge of inconsistency, however, should be permitted to conceal the unusual merits of this book. To read it is a continuous intellectual excitement. It is the record of a finely endowed mind, with not a little first-hand experience of human affairs, trying to think its way through and out of the moral confusion of our time. It is full of penetrating analyses and of sound criticisms. It is no less fertile in practical counsel than it is skillful in diagnosis. It is tolerant, it is wise, it is humane. The style is clear and compact. It arouses and retains the attention by its unfailing animation and vigor. To the members of our perplexed generation the book should bring a simplified conception of the world we live in and should prove to be a source of genuine enlightenment.

A Brave Story

ON THE BOTTOM. By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

IN September, 1925, the steamer "City of Rome" rammed the U. S. Submarine, S-51, one night off Block Island. Three out of the crew of thirty-seven were picked up by the steamer's boats, six others drowning before the rescuers got to them. The rest of the crew, trapped in the submarine, were lost. The "City of Rome" did not report the accident until several hours later.

For a while the Navy Department wished to entrust salvage operations to a private wrecking company, but Commander Ellsberg prevailed on Admiral Plunkett at the New York Navy Yard and upon the Navy Department, to let him handle the job with a force of naval divers. A salvage squadron, consisting of the "Falcon," "Vestal," "Iuka," "Sagamore," and "Penobscot," with the S-50 for comparison purposes, was assembled and set to work.

> The S-51 was a vessel of one thousand tons surface displacement. Our task was to lift this weight one hundred and thirty-two feet to the surface, meanwhile working in the open sea, and then tow the ship one hundred and fifty miles to New York, the nearest harbor with a suitable dry-dock.

Commander Ellsberg tells how the Navy did it. As a result he has written a terse, matter of fact account of men pitted against the perversity of machinery and the unpredictable chances of the sea, wrestling with a stubborn wreck under conditions which tested the last atom of human perseverance and courage. A new technique had to be elaborated as they went along, new tools invented, novel expedients devised, and death faced in many different guises—by "the bends," by suffocation, by drowning, by concussion, by being "squeezed" (i. e., forced into a diving helmet by pressure of water), by storm and wreck and cold.

The task sounds simple. All they had to do was to close the uninjured chambers of the submarine, seal the hatches, lower pontoons, fasten them under the vessel, and, by filling them with air, raise the S-51 to the surface. It sounds simple, especially lowering the pontoons. Here is what that one detail amounted to:

> A somewhat analogous problem would be to lower a heavy Pullman car from the top of a fifteen story building which was swaying violently, due to an earthquake, to the street, in the middle of a black night when you couldn't see the street, nor the car either after you started lowering; and then land the Pullman car in a vacant space in the middle of a train standing on a track in the dark street below without dropping the car on the diner ahead or the car just behind the vacant space.

Work was kept on well into the winter, when it became apparent that new methods were required. Commander Ellsberg had to invent a torch which would burn steel under water. One diver was paralysed by "the bends," another was nearly choked due to the ice which plugged his air-hose as the water

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in the air condensed. A storm scattered the squadron and drove a pontoon ashore near Buzzards Bay where the fisher-folk promptly looted it of its valves, clamps, and fittings.

During the winter Ellsberg trained twenty new divers and perfected his torch. In the spring operations were resumed. Tunnels had to be dug under the submarine by a hose, which washed the divers off their feet until a machinist invented a non-kick nozzle, and then the pump on the "Falcon" blew out a cylinder head. Calamity followed calamity, winches were torn out of their fittings, hawsers snapped, and finally on June 22, 1926, four pontoons came to the surface with the wrong end of the submarine and everything had to be done over again. Discouragement overwhelmed the divers and they would have given up but for Ellsberg, who told them that "The country has forgotten us,—it will never know if we quit, but we'll know." On July 5, 1926, the vessel was successfully raised and towed to New York, where a civilian pilot promptly ran it aground on Man of War Rock in the East River. Hard work and quick action saved it again and it was safely brought into dry-dock.

The task is done, the divers have dispersed, the S-51 is a memory (concludes the author). But to the families of the men who formed her crew, we have brought back the bodies of their loved ones, heroically dead at their posts on the S-51. To the Navy, we brought back its ship. And to the Nation, we brought back a story of victory over the sea, wrought by the quiet courage of men who could face death in solitude, disregard failure, and still fight on till they had wrested from the ocean the tomb of their shipmates.

"On the Bottom" is an unusual book. Commander Ellsberg has shown that the Navy is not composed exclusively of "glory boys" but of men who can do their duty without the aid of newspaper syndicates, motion picture films, and book publishers. This book is distinguished by its simplicity, its restraint, and its willingness to let heroic achievements speak for themselves without thundering in the index and without "back-slapping." Commander Ellsberg's rare words of enthusiasm and praise are reserved for the divers, volunteers who risked their lives at a dangerous and obscure job, simply because the Navy wanted it done. No one who reads his pages will begrudge him his tribute to their courage or the medals and distinctions which were awarded to him and his colleagues for a difficult achievement. He has shown that machinery, no matter how ingenious or complex, can never drive romance from the seas or adventure from the hearts of the men who sail them.

Leisure

RED TIGER. By PHILLIPS RUSSELL. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

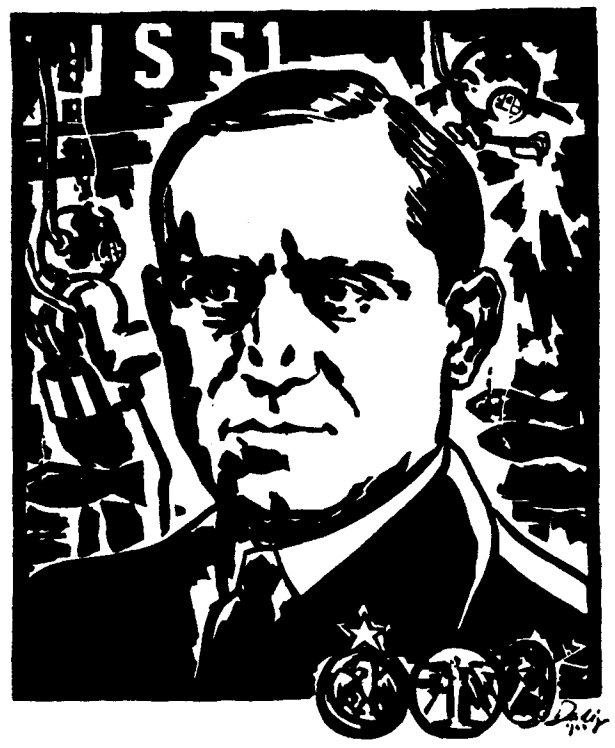
THE publisher's assertion that "not since Stephens's famous trip of 1839 has any attempt been made—except that of the writer and illustrator of this book—to revisit the scenes of their triumphs and catastrophes," is as bewildering as jacketeers' statements usually are. But Mr. Russell's is a sound and workmanlike book, nevertheless, done with sensitiveness and affection; free from the meretriciousness which has characterized some of our other recent literary adventures into the American tropics and for all these reasons deserves, indeed, to be mentioned in the same breath with the delectable Stephens.

Accompanied by Mr. Leon Underwood as picture-maker, Mr. Russell, knocked about in Yucatan, Campeche, Tabasco, Chiapas, and up into Mexico; hunting, fishing, swimming, eating and drinking whatever came along, inviting his soul without hurry or distracting purpose—in general, so far as he could, slipping into the everyday life of the people.

The two Americans had a week's fishing and hunting with a pair of amiable Maya Indians who took them down to the low coastal islands, which are really nothing "but the heaped-up bodies of billions and billions of tiny shellfish." In the swampy lagoons and channels that separate them, there are alligators, cormorants, incredible numbers of birds and "the river was stuffed, tumultuous, with fish. The water gleamed and glowed with them. In the ripples they created every variety of fireworks—*lines and curves and wheels* of splashing coruscations. They darted up to the boat as if to sniff at our light, grew suspicious, and turned on their tails, spattering our faces with silvery drops. They described jagged lines and arcs of fire that appeared to be a hundred yards long, and whole schools burst into flight with a noise like an explosion."

They ate an iguana, and other odd dishes, drank fresh coconut milk and shots of the light, hot native rum, and got along with their Mayan friends, Loretto and Andres, just as chumily as if they had all gone to school together. Leisure, it struck them, the more they saw of the Mayans, "is the North American white man's lost heritage. Having lost the taste and use of it himself, he abuses the Indian's persistent clinging to that which, to the Indian mind, is no doubt a natural right. 'Yucatan,' said a hacendado as we sipped a fruit drink on the verandah of his big plantation house, 'will never be a great country until we teach the Indian to work hard and regularly. If he won't learn, we will *make* him work.'" Mr. Russell guesses that the Indian will die first. "In Mexico the Indian is making his last great stand. This stand is in behalf of values which to his mind are essential to a satisfying life. Among these values is leisure. Leisure, to him, is the smooth broad margin which makes the page of life worth while."

In Campeche, they ran across a potter who worked beautifully and without hurry in the fashion these Mexican Indian craftsmen understand. They watched him turning water-jars on his potter's-



COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

wheel. "His eye was perfection, his skill a treat to behold. It was evident that with his mind's eye he saw the design as a whole before he began, and the form simply flowed out of the ends of his fingers. We had never seen a man so perfectly joined to his work. The very material was the color of his own skin, and the shuttle-like movement of his heels and toes alternated in a perfect rhythm with his rapid hands."

Among the innumerable "incidents" which enliven these diary-like pages, is that of the gypsy band which the Americans met while going up one of the Tobasco rivers in a "canoa." One of the women was nursing her baby, "whereupon the small boy came up and applied himself to the other breast. His mother was meantime smoking a cigar. When he had finished his repast, he calmly reached up and took the cigar from his mother's mouth, strolling off across the deck and puffing with the air of a boulevardier. His mother did not rebuke him but looked after him with smiling admiration, calling upon all to witness what a little rascal he was."

There are thunder-storms; an earthquake; chocolate beaten up until it foams, in the native style; coffee made from beans roasted in a style which makes our northern brew seem rather flat; a constant sense of healthy brown bodies, ripening like fruit, moving with natural and untroubled rhythms.

Finally the two Yankees cross the Rio Grande. "The towns strike one in the face like things of steel. The throb of power is felt the moment the river is crossed. . . . Everywhere is evidence of the desire of men to separate themselves from contact with the earth. Between it and themselves they construct the soles of shoes, pavements of polished stone, air-filled tires, and the thick cells of massed buildings. The people, sleek and comfort-loving, are unified, electric, and uniform. They are living in the present day, the present moment. How odd to see all this again, on coming up from dusty Mexico, where medievialism wars with the short-cuts of the twentieth century."

Mr. Russell and his picture-making friend, Mr. Underwood, have done a good book, a record of things genuinely seen and felt, which you can put away and forget and return to afterward with pleasure.

Touch of the Tar-brush

PASSING. By NELLA LARSEN. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by W. B. SEABROOK

NEGRO writers seldom possess a sense of form comparable to that of Miss Nella Larsen. Her new novel, "Passing," is classically pure in outline, single in theme and in impression, and for these reasons—if for no others—powerful in its catastrophe. The whole tragedy is prepared and consummated in less than fifty thousand words, without the clutter of incident and talk which impede the progress of most novels, and without a single descent, so far as this reviewer could perceive, into sentimentality. The sharpness and definition of the author's mind (even when her characters are awash in indecision) are qualities for which any novel reader should be grateful.

"Passing" tells the story of the life and death of Clare Kendry, who was white "with a touch of the tar-brush." Clare Kendry married a man who did not know she had Negro blood. She could have lived her life through placidly on the assurance of her husband's ignorance if she had not felt herself disturbed and fascinated by the race she had abandoned. She went back to her own people furtively, in spite of the danger which she always recognized; and one night in Harlem, at a party, her white husband found her. In the scene which followed she leaned (or was pushed) backward from a window. Her lifeless body in its red, shining dress was picked up by the Negroes in the courtyard six floors below.

Miss Larsen prefers to tell Clare Kendry's story through another character, that of an old schoolmate who was Clare's link between the white and Negro worlds. [illegible] this character is opaque enough to irrita[illegible]ling the figure of Clare, the shimmering [illegible]e tragedy. Particularly is this true in th[illegible]n of the book, when it becomes apparent [illegible] has consummated her career of betrayal [illegible] in love with Brian, the Negro husband of [illegible]oolmate. In this final passage the old sc[illegible] whose name is Irene Redfield) wearies [illegible]ith her suffering. As a matter of techni[illegible] Larsen should either have told us the story [illegible]Kendry directly, without the device of an [illegible]g personality, or else have made the device [illegible]nteresting enough to mean something to u[illegible]s, we are impatient with Irene Redfield's [illegible]ecause they cut off our view of Clare.

It is in the creation [illegible]racter, not always perfectly realized but always strongly felt, that Miss Larsen's best achievement lies. Form alone could not do this. Clare Kendry, as intrepid and lovely as the most romantic of heroines, has made her declaration:

> Spicy grove, cinnamon tree,
> What is Africa to me?

She has built her life on it, but Africa is not so easily dismissed from the blood and bone. In describing the gradual surrender of Clare to the fascination of the Negro, her final return and death, Miss Larsen has made an unusually powerful appeal to the sensibilities and imaginations of her readers.

In some other respects the author has not been so successful. Although the writing is of good quality in general, it does occasionally lapse into the sort of jargon we call "literary." There is no reason, for example, for Miss Larsen to say "the rich amber fluid" when she means tea. Or to say "thanking him smilingly as well as in a more substantial manner for his kind helpfulness and understanding," when she means that the lady tipped the taxi-driver. These occasional elaborations are disconcerting in a work which otherwise seems so clear and chaste. Similarly, one wonders whether the author does not slightly exaggerate the wit and elegance of the salons of Harlem. Such wit and tone as Miss Larsen describes ("brilliant, crystal-clear and sparkling," with "nonsensical shining things" being thrown into "the pool of talk") have not been common this side the water, or indeed anywhere else since the eighteenth Century. And when examples of this esprit

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are given ("you're as sober as a judge," is the first of them) one wonders what Madame du Deffand would have had to say about them.

These occasional evidences of self-consciousness are undoubtedly due to the fact that Miss Larsen, like most other Negro writers, is aware of a mixed audience; a large proportion of her readers must be white people, which is to say, either uncomprehending or hostile. But there is a great deal less of this self-consciousness in Miss Larsen than in most writers of her race. She has produced a work so fine, sensitive, and distinguished that it rises above race categories and becomes that rare object, a good novel.

The Beginning of a Saga

WOLF SOLENT. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York. Simon and Schuster. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

NATURE, never noted for her justice, seems to have been particularly unfair in allotting so much of talent to the single Powys family. Of the three brothers, Theodore, Llewellyn, and John Cowper, the last is possibly the best known in America, but known rather as a wandering pilgrim of eternity upon the lecture platform than as a writer. When he has added the written to the spoken word, this has hitherto been done more successfully in the critical essay than in fiction. With "Wolf Solent," however, John Cowper unquestionably takes his stand beside his brothers as a novelist of distinction.

It requires courage in these degenerate days to write a two volume novel. Our authors are short-winded; ere the three hundredth page they usually begin to heave and puff. And it requires even more courage to tread the roads of Dorsetshire in the footprints of Thomas Hardy. Mr. Powys is bold, but his temerity is justified. "Wolf Solent" recalls to mind the possibilities which our writers have neglected in departing from the larger mould of earlier days. Its action loiters through village streets and country lanes, amid the homely smells of pigs and cattle; it leads over hedges into fields and woods, by black pools and sloping hills, with the sky as an ever-present admonishing companion; it dallies with love in Poll's Camp, dreams of suicide by Lenty Pond, strides hurriedly by night along the lonely road from Blacksod to King's Barton. While the minute topography of the region is presented so vividly that one feels as if he had lived there almost as long as the characters, simile and allusion reach out to earlier and later men everywhere, until modern cities seem little things, London is well forgot, and primordial Dorset is an image of the world.

"Wolf Solent" also brings to mind how much water has flowed under the bridge since even "Tess" and "Jude." The Dorsetshire of Hardy was a sufficiently sinister region, but the Dorsetshire of John Cowper Powys lies under the spell of a malignancy such as Hardy never knew. Hardy's characters seem virginal in comparison with the dark forms of Mr. Powys's vision. Incest, necrophilism, and all the more common forms of perversion riot in his thronged pages, cheek by jowl with beauty. The latest chronicler of Dorsetshire is nothing if not complex—disturbingly, almost disastrously complex. He is by turns an Emily Brontë, a wild creature of the heath; a subtle, introspective Proust; a nature-enthralled Wordsworth; a Poe, journeying in deliberate search of horror; a Dostoyevsky, shaking with the mystic fever; even, at rare moments, a Shakespeare, hurling the ultimate dramatic word. But just because he is all of these by turn, his synthesis is defective and his book—full though it is to overflowing with poignant passages that cry out to be reread—never rounds to the completed masterpiece it promised to become.

The meaning of the book centers in its title character, Wolf Solent. The story opens when, out of a curiously featureless past, he returns to his childhood's home to act as the secretary of the aging Mr. Urquhart, squire of King's Barton, who is engaged in compiling a *chronique scandaleuse* of Dorsetshire. Solent is both a pagan and a mystic; he feels his affinity with the soil and lowly forms of being, and resents modern inventions which are destroying the tender relationship with the earth from which we sprung—resents them to madness, as one who sees the well-spring of life being irrevocably muddied and polluted. He likewise cherishes, inconsistently, a Christian mythology of dramatized Good and Evil, wherein he secretly sees himself as a protagonist. And, to make matters worse, he is a sensitive visionary who takes refuge from the shocks of life in a philosophy of solipsism wherein all things appear as only the shadows of his own thought. What will Dorsetshire and its hoary sins do to this idealist?

First of all to be reckoned with is the withered Miss Gault, an ancient flame of his libertine father—Miss Gault still hating and hated by his mother across the intervening years. Then, there lies in Ramsgard churchyard the whitening skull of that father, who died in a workhouse crying, "Christ! I've had a happy life!"—and many are the colloquies between the son and his father's sardonic skull. Then, there follows Wolf back to Dorset his mother, masking her ruined life in a brave, false gayety, only to make both of them more lonely by their mutual demands. And there is the mad poet Jason Otter, the Slow Worm of Lenty who curses God. There is Tilly Valley the drunken priest. There is the libidinous Mr. Malakite the bookseller, father and grandfather of the same child. And there is Christie, Mr. Malakite's other child, who reads Hegel and Spinoza and fears no evil. And there is Gerda Torp, light-minded and beautiful as Aphrodite, whom Wolf marries at the bidding of his senses, while all the while his spirit calls for Christie. And there is Bob Weevil, the veriest lout in Blacksod, who cuckolds him. All of these beings tear at Wolf's protective coverings, and strip him naked of his rent and tattered idealisms. Still he endures. The beauty of the earth is one with its bestiality. Gerda's blackbird song, lost in marriage, returns at the bidding of a lover. Good and evil are too intertwined for Wolf to disentangle. Prone on the ground lies the great protagonist. His paganism and his Christianity are equally unavailing. Still he endures.

> *Alone!* That was what he had learnt from the hard woman who had given him birth. That every soul was alone. Alone with that secret bestower of torture and pleasure, the horned snail behind the pigsty!
>
> *Endure or escape.* He must spread the wisdom of that word over all the miserable moments that were to come.

With this resolution, Wolf goes in to face his light wife and her latest lover; and the book closes.

An excellent philosophy! An excellent resolution! But will Wolf hold to it? The book leaves one far from certain. The number of forces brought into play makes impossible any sense of inevitability. Mr. Powys's characters are much too real and complex and incomplete to be dropped after a mere thousand pages. Like Irene and Somes in Galsworthy's "Man of Property" they fairly plead to be given a further chance. "Wolf Solent" is, or ought to be, the beginning of a Saga.

A Communist Artist

CEMENT. By GLADKOV. New York: International Publishers. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

ONE often hears the complaint that post-revolutionary Russia has produced no writers to compare with the old school. There is no Dostoyevsky, no Tolstoy, no Gogol, no Goncharov. This complaint has little meaning because, after all is said, this old school of Russian writers grew up over a long period, and did not develop into greatness in the span of a decade. There are in Russia today many writers of extremely fertile talent who are, in a number of ways, as rich in promise as one could expect of a fresh generation suddenly plunged into the strangeness of a revolutionary environment, and to maintain that from these writers will eventually emerge a new Dostoievsky, or Tolstoy, or Turgeniev, portraying the new life in his fiction, is by no means a wild or extravagant speculation. Mayakovsky is surely a poet of more than minor distinction. In a certain sense, he may be considered the "biggest" poet of our generation. Pilniak, Ivanov, Serafimovitch, Seyfulina, Babel, Fedin, Kasatkin, are all writers of outstanding merit and influence in Soviet Russia today. This new literature, then, which is expressing the new Russia, is by no means an inferior literature, or a literature lacking in potential greatness.

Gladkov's "Cement" is one of the most striking novels that has come out of this post-revolutionary era. Many of the leading writers in Soviet Russia are "fellow-travelers," that is artists who sympathize with the Revolution, and exalt its ideal, but do not join the Communist party or accept all its tenets. Their work as a consequence reveals deviations that are interesting, exceedingly interesting, but fail nevertheless of a certain interpretation that Communism in art is seeking to attain. Gladkov is one of the few exceptions in that he is an artist and also a member of the Communist party. His fiction, therefore, should have of necessity a more direct ideological bent. And true enough, his novel "Cement" is more in line with what might be called "party-direction" than the novels of Ivanov, Fedin, or Pilniak.

"Cement" deals with the background and movement of the Russian revolution in a much more sweeping and vivid way than did Liebedinsky's novel "The Week," which was translated into English and published in America amidst so much enthusiasm over five years ago. "Cement" is effective in characterization as well as plot, and out of the clash and conflict of personalities and forces which it describes, something of the real revolution is seen to arise and stare you in the face. Not for a moment is the tension of the revolution lost in the book. Each character in one way or another typifies some form of the revolution. Gleb, the returning Red Army soldier, represents the difficult psychology of hundreds of thousands whose struggle for adjustment after the days of fighting were over was more trying and torturing than the actual experience of combat. Dasha, his wife, is even better drawn. She, like Marya the Bolshevik, is an embodiment of the new woman that has come to the fore in Soviet Russia today. She is, perhaps a little exaggerated and yet one sees through her character an entirely new and significant aspect of the revolution. The fighting spirit of this new woman, the aggressive interest in the matters of government and the organization of social life as a whole, the revolutionary attitude toward sex and love, are all indicative of the depth of change which has been wrought by the new society. Her interest in social things rather than individual things, her interest in the community rather than herself, differentiate her from the feminine protagonists in most novels of our day.

The suffering and chaos of the early days of the revolution, when men and women found themselves overwhelmed on every side by war and famine, are depicted with remarkable vigor and skill. Their faith in the new order even in the face of the most ravaging adversity becomes a more tangible and understandable thing in the pages of this novel than it could ever be in the bare outline of newspaper fact or the extended detail of historical exegesis. The cement works provides a center of operations about which the spirit of the community revolves. In the struggle of the people to reconstruct the cement works is to be discerned, in a symbolic way, their attempt to reconstruct their civilization. The effect of the new economic policy which was introduced in 1921 is seen to play an important part in the minds of the people as well as the life of the town. The great question mark

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

★POOR WOMEN! By NORAH OULT. Harpers. A collection of powerful short stories, with a unifying theme. Each story deals with a feminine type. They are both tragic and humorous.

★THE MODERN TEMPER. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. Harcourt, Brace. A study of the philosophies of modern life and what they come to.

★ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES. By ELINOR WYLIE. Knopf. The last and best poetry of Elinor Wylie.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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which arose in the minds of men and women as they saw their ideas of war communism disappear is penned in vivid and touching detail. One is brought to feel as well as see what they experienced.

That "Cement" fails at being a great novel is due more to its style than its substance. Its materials are magnificent, but too often their profound possibilities are but superficially exploited. There is so much incident and yet so little that stands out above the rest. There are many good scenes, but no great ones. There is no point of crescendo toward which the novel moves. It could have ended fifty pages sooner, with a few changes, or have run on for fifty pages more without violation of form. In the main it is only this lack of discipline, which weakens it as a work of art.

Estimates

TWELVE BAD MEN. By SIDNEY DARK. With Portraits by MABEL PUGH. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THOMAS CROMWELL and Frederick the Great were heroes to Froude and to Carlyle. Mr. Chesterton calls Cromwell "a dirty fellow"; Mr. Dark calls Frederick an "unspeakable blackguard," and is much of the same opinion as Mr. Chesterton about Cromwell. All these opinions are charged with prepossessions. Froude and Carlyle had at least Protestant backgrounds, and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Dark (inferentially) are Catholics. It is not objecting to any man's religion or background if one feels that the prepossessions of controversial religion are objectionable criteria in history or biography, for determining the moral goodness or badness of historical characters. It is not Mr. Dark's sole determinant of course; he is a keen observer; but it is an evident element in his attitude. Granted that Thomas Cromwell was as ruthless as Torquemada. A lack of scruple to one's end is a feature frequent enough among sixteenth, seventeenth, and even eighteenth century leaders to look curious to modern eyes. At least, men in such positions now would have certain kinds of scruple expected of them which do not seem to have been expected of them then. Sainte-Beuve's "Causerie" on Frederick the Great is based on family letters, in which he finds Frederick sometimes harsh, but more often affectionate and sincere. He is not, even in Carlyle's hands, a sympathetic character to most of us, but he was a many-sided character, and one would fancy that such experiences as he went through in his sensitive youth might make a "hard-boiled" cynic of almost anyone. At any rate, if Frederick was bad enough to be called a bad man, it ought to be with a personal badness, not because he partitioned Poland, of which Maria Theresa, who is called "good," took her share.

There is only one other man in history, as it seems to me, to whom Robespierre can be accurately compared, and that is Calvin, another Frenchman. Both were extreme Puritans, compelled to persecution by the wickedness of everyone around them.

The parallel may hold so far, but it soon divides. It is attractive because we are expected to be shocked by it. It does not justify such terms as "accurately," or "only one other man in history." They are terms to avoid in dealing with history and human nature, because they never are really true, and no one can tell how near or how far from the truth they are. For a corrective to Mr. Dark's idea of Calvin one should read Mark Pattison's essay on "Calvin at Geneva." Pattison's sympathies are with the Libertins, but he knows too much about both to put either with the sheep or the goats. Robespierre is one of Mr. Dark's twelve bad men, and his "accurate" parallel implies that he thinks Calvin another. And this brings us to a suspicion that it may not be a proper classification for Robespierre.

The burning of Servetus is something like the case of the Salem witches. Witches were put to death in the same century in every country in Europe, some hundreds, I believe, in Great Britain, and some thousands in Spain; but the few Salem cases are celebrated because the incident, from the standpoint of after centuries, looks queer to have happened in America and in Massachusetts. "Every philosophic mind," Pattison writes, "will say with Gibbon: 'I am more scandalized by the burning of Servetus than by whole hecatombs of human beings immolated in the *auto da fés* of Spain and Portugal." I do not see why every philosophic mind must make that invidious difference. It seems to me unhistoric, and unfair to both parties. In the light of after times we think of the Reformation as a movement toward personal religious freedon, and feel shocked, as Gibbon did, by an imputed inconsistency. But to the Genevan Consistory it looked, as the counter cause looked to the Spanish Inquisition—like a desperate battle for the Lord, in which tolerance had no place. And that is something the way his situation looked to Robespierre.

The question here is not the unanswerable one: whether or not or how far a man ought to allow scruples to hamper or defeat a main result which he believes all important; but whether we ought to call him a bad man, who has a single track mind, absorbed in a cause or purpose, and who thinks so great a cause justifies every kind of means. The question here is not whether he is right in thinking so; but whether, because he thinks so, he is bad. Protestant historians may class Philip the Second and Torquemada with the bad; Mr. Dark and Mr. Chesterton doubtless would not. It is clear that the badness of Henry the Eighth was a very different kind from theirs, while Robespierre's was somewhat similar. Thomas Cromwell and Louis the Eleventh cut their way ruthlessly to their ends. The ends were at least important, but ruthlessness is not pretty. Mr. Dark has more approval for French solidarity on the ruins of medieval feudalism than for English solidarity on the ruins of medieval catholicism. If he exercises his moral judgment hereafter on Elizabeth and Catherine de Medici, he may be expected to prefer Catherine, whom Mark Pattison calls "infamous."

Personally I prefer Elizabeth, not so much because England seems more of an object than the Valois dynasty; nor even because I doubt if Elizabeth was capable, for any object, of a Bartholomew massacre of any of her subjects; but because she seems personally more human, nervous, illogical, warm-blooded, unexpected, and generally interesting. In the doubtfulness of moral criteria I take refuge in likes and dislikes. I surrender Frederick to Mr. Dark's classification because, in spite of Carlyle and Sainte-Beuve, I don't like him. He may have Fouché also; Robespierre is at any rate not likable; Mazarin is "queer." But I decline to surrender Talleyrand, because I like him. He can be defended however on other grounds. Mr. Dark seems to feel bitterly about any one of his "disloyalties," namely, that being a bishop he did not stick by the Church. Indeed, what he cared for was neither the Church, nor Napoleon and his empire, nor any of the kings he served. He never felt ecclesiastical, but he always felt French. As was said of the hero of one of Conrad's novels: "He was not a bad Frenchman." In the light of that persistent attachment he does not come out badly or inconsistently.

In speaking of Talleyrand's discussion with Hamilton, why does Mr. Dark call Hamilton "the American Radical"? One suspects that he does not know much about him. Hamilton's financial measures were bold and cut deep; the same may be said of the Earl of Stafford's policy of "Thorough"; both men were radical in that sense, but it is not what is meant by a "Radical." The ideal government for both was something on the English model, and one fancies their discussions uncovered a common admiration for the political philosophy of Burke.

"Bad" is an indeterminate adjective, but it seems to me that we mean by it an overbalance of personal characteristics, and do not mean to tie up a man's character to the cause in which he acts, even if we think it better he had never been born. Mr. Dark collects very miscellaneous badness; lively rascals, Cellini and Casanova, who have the virtue to be entertaining; along with the ugly brute, Jeffreys, and the cold-blooded, self-centered assassin, Cæsar Borgia; toward neither of whom is it possible to have any kindly feeling whatever. Marlborough was admirable on one side, and on the other side a mean hound. Mr. Dark's summings up are admirable to the point where enters his special orientation.

Unemotional, uninfluenced by the motives that affect the majority of men, Cromwell carried through his experiment and was probably not surprised at the price he had to pay (the scaffold, as soon as Henry was tired of him). He was the chief agent of the English Reformation, not in the least because he desired the Reformation of the Church, but because Machiavellian rule in England was impossible without breaking the power of the Church. He was a reckless experimenter, and dearly have generations of Englishmen paid for his skill and persistence.

In the beginning of this paragraph one feels the hard ground of judgment under him, but about half way down he begins to note the footprints of a point of view in softer soil, and finally comes to the stamp of flat assertion in the quaking bog of an undecidable issue.

Mr. Henry Sedgwick in his short "History of Spain" remarks, on the Spanish obliteration of heretics, that at least it saved Spain from the ruinous factions and politico-religious wars which prostrated France. The apology may be inadequate. But Englishmen, who think Elizabeth's tortuous policy a cheap price to pay for its results, probably also think that, if England got through the costly sixteenth and seventeenth centuries at less expense, less fever and exhaustion, than her neighbors, she has Thomas Cromwell, in some degree, as well as Elizabeth, to thank for it. There is no decision in a matter that rests on these quicksands of feelings, opinions, and a-priori-axioms of belief. But the paragraph illustrates Mr. Dark's gift of weighty and trenchant phrase, and that is something to admire without irritating reservations.

Sea Power

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY AND GEORGE YOUNG. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by STEWART BEACH

ALTHOUGH the Geneva Conference of midsummer, 1927, failed to secure further limitation of naval armament, its collapse focussed attention upon a source of rivalry between the United States and Great Britain which has been singled out as a possible cause of war. Pacifists, in the older sense of the word, have stretched hands across the sea and uttered loud pæans of friendship in the fond hope that the spectre which arose at Geneva might be banished with the wish; pacifists, in the newer sense of the word, have sought to face the issue squarely, analyze it frankly, and seek a realistic solution. Commander Kenworthy and Mr. Young are members of this latter school. Their own proposal is a naval agreement between the United States and Great Britain providing

(1) that naval armaments shall be reduced, by ratio, to the lowest limit required for sea police; (2) that police operations, such as blockade, bombardment, etc., be only undertaken with the association or approval of the other parties, and (3) that the Narrow Seas be neutralized by regional agreements. These arrangements being made as general as possible by the accession of other sea Powers.

The essence of the scheme—that the British and American navies join forces, not only to keep themselves out of mischief, but as "two gendarmes guarding the peace of the world"—has been proposed before. But it has never been subjected previously to critical analysis in the light of post-war conditions, both as to international relations and in prophetic survey of the three-dimensional character which a new war would inevitably assume with the tremendous development in submarines and airplanes. The authors are well equipped for their study. Commander Kenworthy, after seventeen years in the Royal Navy, resigned to enter Parliament in 1919 where he is now one of Labor's most alert spokesmen. Mr. Young was for twenty years in the diplomatic service, seven of them in Washington under Lord Pauncefote and Lord Bryce. During the war he was for a time in the Admiralty Intelligence Department. He is the author of a number of important studies and is now, with Commander Kenworthy, a Laborite in the House of Commons.

Two considerations, one gathers, have led to the proposal which this book examines. First, the conviction that with the United States excluded from the authority of League and Locarno sanctions the present set-up of European peace machinery is precarious. Second, the equally firm conviction that Great Britain, after holding command of the seas for more than three centuries, is bound to be superseded in naval strength by the United States within the next twenty-five years. The first of these they consider the more important. The second adds a certain touch of inevitability to their proposal which is not the least of the realities of the situation as they see it.

Briefly, the writers' case is this: The World War swept aside practically every right accorded neutrals in the various conferences which had periodically attempted to codify maritime international law. The

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freedom of the seas, so stoutly demanded by Mr. Wilson, had become a patent myth by 1915, and more than once its violation drove us into tight situations with Great Britain. Nor did Mr. Wilson, once committed to war, bother his head longer over this sacred right. American ships joined with British in suppressing every neutral attempt to deal with the enemy, although their blockade was at no time effective in international law. Britain is now bound by the League Covenant and more particularly by the Locarno pacts to make war against an aggressor in certain cases. Should these hypotheses become realities, America, as a neutral, would demand her right to trade with the enemy. A legal blockade, the only valid deterrent to our trade, is unthinkable in the light of submarine and airplane development. Therefore, American merchantmen are bound to clash with the British patrol—"incidents" will occur. Unless such a circumstance as Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare turns us again toward Britain as the lesser of two evils, an acute danger of war exists between the two countries.

An armed neutrality, believe the authors, would go further than any scheme so far advanced, not only to avert this catastrophe, but to deter other nations from war. "The World War," they assert, was won by American sea power associating itself with British sea power." And they add significantly: "Peace for the world can be won in the same way."

* * *

This statement is so logical on the face of it that it seems a pity the authors should have qualified it by working out an elaborate system of "steps" through which wars might pass before entering the unrestricted stage of the last war. One of their major pleas for an Anglo-American naval alliance is based upon the total failure of international law during the last war to deter nations strong enough to disregard it. Yet they propose a scheme which would require some sort of super-international legal agreement to validate it—a guarantee as certain to go by the boards in the next war as did the solemn pledges of the last. Lumped together the British and American navies could effectually starve out any belligerent by stopping his supply of necessary imports. This cold, hard fact, and not international law for which the alliance served as sanction, would be the deterrent factor.

When the authors discuss Britain's inevitable loss of sea command to the United States in the next quarter century they are arguing from a faulty premise, doubtless born of contact with their own Admiralty Office. Great Britain has labored for centuries under a single impulse—command of the seas. Only once has the United States attempted to challenge this supremacy—when our neutral commerce was threatened during the World War. Nor shall we issue another challenge unless Britain or some other nation makes such a step inevitable. The popular outcry which caused abandonment of the naval building program last spring, however much it may have represented pacifist-mobilized opinion, was highly significant. It was not occasioned—as Commander Kenworthy and Mr. Young suggest—by gratitude for the British decision to curtail cruiser-building activities. It was simply an indication, and an emphatic one, that the American people, in the absence of warlike gestures from overseas, refuse to believe in an English bogey and will not sanction a naval competition.

* * *

As for the nub of the Kenworthy-Young proposal—that British and American navies join in an armed neutrality—the American people will oppose that quite as stoutly. Certainly the Senate will. "Entangling alliances," "our boys sent out to fight England's battles," "scheming European diplomats"—Mayor Thompson himself could hardly excel the denunciatory fire of our super-patriotic Senators.

Nevertheless, this important study deserves the closest attention of Americans who recite too glibly the strength of Anglo-American friendship. Despite its occasional obscurity and its frequent repetition, Commander Kenworthy and Mr. Young have thought through a problem and a situation which may some day be of far more than academic interest. Whether their solution is clearly stated and practically worked out is beside the point; they present the problem rationally and realistically, and that is the important consideration. The United States entered the last war by way of the sea. That way, too, lies the next.

Convention and Revolt

A SON OF EARTH. Collected Poems by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $3.

MUSHROOMS. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $2.

THE LOST SAIL. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. The Same.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NO three recent books could better illustrate the varieties of self-expression, the fluctuations of convention and revolt than the new publications of William Ellery Leonard and Alfred Kreymborg. The word "new" is somewhat misleading, for most of Mr. Leonard's volume appeared between 1906 and 1925, while one of Mr. Kreymborg's is a frank reprint of a book that was controversial in 1916. Chronology is not criticism, but in this case the element of time is something more than an Einsteinian dimension. Let us apply it.

Mr. Leonard started his poetic career immersed in the conventions. "Sonnets and Poems," incorporated in the present collection, is as orthodox as any professor of poetics could wish. Mr. Leonard's change has been gradual. Nothing except the technical form of his early work prepared his audience for "The Lynching Bee," "Two Lives," and the forthcoming "This Midland City." It is, alas, true that the taint of the academician clings to Mr. Leonard. Even "Two Lives" affects us profoundly because of the pain of its narrative, not by the beauty of narration. Its depth is poignant, its candor unreserved, but scarcely one segment can be offered as an example of the sonnet as poetry. The same defect is manifest in at least half of these collected poems. Their youth may be offered in extenuation and one is not disposed to examine too critically the large gestures of nonage. But one rather wonders why, at this stage of development, a mature poet wishes to preserve so many of them. It is hard to believe that the author of the best translation of Beowulf is not only guilty of but (as evidenced by the reprinting) proud of inversions and pomposities like:

> And heart beat wildly, and my soul did drift
> Up life's dim eddies to the days of old,
> When we together, wandering passion-souled,
> Saw, round the Mountain, cloud and tempest lift,
> Showing the Sungod and the Lyre . . .

Why should anyone care to keep such bathos or *clichés* as worn and empty as "brazen trumpet," "golden fee," "white nymphs," "slumbering æons," "everlasting stars," "shadowy woodlands," "immemorial tides," "inexorable years." Yet here they are.

Rhetoric aside, these are two hundred crowded pages. There is wisdom here, a grave and usually sombre philosophy. And there is wit, a quality both merry and malicious in those revised fables grouped under "Æsop and Hyssop." And, not submerged by taste or technique, there is a rebelliousness of spirit which makes one forget the merely mouth-filling phrases. The revolutionary speaks hotly and directly in "The Heretics," "The Old Agitator" (that patrician tribute to the proletarian Debs), the unremittingly violent "The Lynching Bee," and that narrative-lyric "Tom Mooney," which combines personal outrage and impersonal drama with its first couplet:

> Tom Mooney sits behind a grating,
> Beside a corridor. (He's waiting.)

This collection is a natural poetic-psychological complement to "Two Lives," which is not included in "A Son of Earth." The swing from academic to analyst, from rhetorician to rebel, from convention to revolt is established in what is nothing less than poetic autobiography.

Mr. Kreymborg's course has been quite the contrary. His early work is a revolt from convention, his latest a capitulation to it. "Mushrooms" is delightful in its reactions, challenging in its piquancy. It must be admitted that the tenuous lines, stretched to the breaking-point, are helped by Mr. Kreymborg's mandolute comments which fill and emphasize the implied rhythm; it must also be said that these "free forms" are neither so free nor so wild in form as they seemed fifteen years ago. But the staccato attack is still original; the quizzical philosophy of "The Tree," "Earth Wisdom," "Idealists," remains undated. It needs no technician to fathom the depths beneath the whimsical surface of "Old Manuscript" and "Vista"; it is not the experiments in elision but the pity, the accomplished tenderness which distinguish "Bach," "Cézanne," "Improvisation." For those who insist that Kreymborg is only a light fantaisist, the concluding image of "Cézanne" might be quoted:

> He was no man who passed,
> but a great faithful horse
> dragging a load
> up the hill.

It is, alas, a far more conventional poet who in 1929 offers "The Lost Sail." After his excursions in *vers libretinisme*, Mr. Kreymborg has done the right thing by the sonnet. The sonnet, unfortunately, has not reciprocated. The manner is pleasing enough. The book is a journal, a loose sort of diary. Being written in sonnets, it has something superficially in common with Mr. Leonard's "Two Lives." But where Mr. Leonard's record is painful and impassioned, Mr. Kreymborg's is playful and haphazard. The sentimental note which was struck tentatively in the early poems is now sounded by all the instruments *con amore*. What is worse, the sonnets themselves suffer from this long drawn-out casualness. Not casual in the stripped conversational way achieved by E. A. Robinson and Merrill Moore, "The Lost Sail" is, as technique, merely inadequate. Partly to illustrate, partly because of the association, this tribute to William Ellery Leonard (entitled "Two Lives and Six Million") is appended:

> I've read the sonnet sequence called, Two Lives,
> Where Love is hunted down to a tragic grave
> By sneering slaves in university hives
> Who reason alike and undermine the brave.
> I've asked myself why Leonard left the old land
> For the new. And how the cold Wisconsin sand
> Can grow what Cambridge grew? How could his heart
> Teach art to those who have no soil for art?
>
> I've never met the man outside the book.
> Nor have I taught a word to boy or beast.
> A passionate poet he; I know the look
> The dreamers wore when Concord led the East.
> Why should a son of Greece leave Greece behind
> In order to bring warm sunlight to the blind?

Such a sonnet is its own devastating comment.

This is not to say that the book is a failure. Much of Mr. Kreymborg's warmth, his enthusiasm, his very personal charm emanates from this rhymed day-book with its mellow reminiscences of friends, pastimes, places. It is an attitude which reveals Mr. Kreymborg most favorably as a human being. As a poet, he is less happy, less himself in the convention; he forfeits his distinction. Having sold his birthright for a mess of sonnets, it is discouraging to find that his pseudo-Petrarchan patterns are no better than those of the average sonneteer—they are, frankly, not as clean or well made as the average. One looks, hopefully, for another revolt.

Speculation

(*Continued from page* 1015)

It is the potential that counts. Whoever has most of it will break through to popularity and find his readers waiting. And as *wish* is always more appealing than *is* or *ought*, the romancer, if he is big enough, always has the best chance.

Any kind of writing will succeed if it gets a great man behind it, will fail, relatively at least, if it does not. These movements, schools, modernisms, modes of expressing the inarticulate, vulgarisms, obscuritisms, they are all most interesting to write about, significant of course, illuminating as to what the super-conscious or self-conscious among us are thinking about. They produce the novelties, the "pioneer works," the "seminal influences"; but however useful they may be for criticism, they never get beyond social history unless someone with genius takes hold. When he takes hold; they become the future. Shakespeare took up the "vulgar" melodrama, scorned by the universities. Scott picked up the spooks and rattle-pan Gothic romance. Whether the scenario of the movies or the internal monologue of Joyce becomes the tendency of the next literary fashion depends upon the accident of a genius.

Much of this, of course, is speculation. But it would be interesting to get Scott back from the shades, give him a contract, and set him to work.

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Gentlemen at War

JOURNEY'S END. By R. C. SHERRIFF. New York: Brentano. 1929. $2.00.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

SOME seasons ago in "Young Woodley" John Van Druten wrote a scene that still remains one of the most affecting our theatre has known in recent years. It was a scene of farewell between two English schoolboys: Woodley, who had just been expelled, and his friend who remained. There was no gush about it, no fine phrasing, in fact, as the psychologists would say, no verbalization whatsoever. Just the simple, muted anguish of deep affection, stating nothing but feeling much, inarticulate but intentionally so, and doubly strong because of its heart-breaking, though wise, inadequacy. As a scene, its understatement, its substitution of a handshake for paragraphs of the really unphrasable pains of leave-taking, its careful avoidance of saying anything rather than saying something silly, its painful adherence to the muted code that dignity and breeding have prescribed, had a special quality that marked that goodbye as "British" even while it made it memorable. And it is that same code—that very British code, that code particularly of English gentlemen with their farewells kept eloquently clean of lines for the occasion—in a richer, deeper form that makes of "Journey's End" the quietest of all war plays and the most moving drama the present season has revealed. Only—and the change is an important one—where the genteel suppression of feelings and words in "Young Woodley" was set against the background of immaturity, in "Journey's End" it is placed before the cruel abstractions of war, even immortality itself.

Here are three acts, or rather six scenes, laid exclusively in "a dug-out in the British Trenches before St. Quentin," six scenes which dispense with almost all of the regulation devices so common to the war plays that have so far been written. In the first place there is scarcely any plot at all, at least no plot in an active sense, only a situation that sets the action instead of action that is subservient to a situation. This is not one of those war plays placed at a convenient distance behind the lines so that a love story involving the fate of the Hohenzollerns, if not of the Peace Conference itself, can be developed. There are, as almost every one knows by now, no women in "Journey's End." Nor is their absence explained by such a happy coincidence as Mr. Sherriff's having written the play for a special club performance in England. Instead, it is the inevitable result of what he has elected to do. . . .

Without spies or invading Germans or any of the wheezy rigmarole so common to the genre, Mr. Sheriff has built a play that is honestly a *war* play—more than that, a beautiful, self-sustaining drama in its own rights. If it lacks those saltier qualities of our own justly admired "What Price Glory?," its swaggering marines, its triangle in uniform, the gorgeous bluster of its bravado, it is because "Journey's End" is for the most part a play of English gentlemen and the English public school mind brought face to face with crisis and disaster. It is as far from Stalling and Anderson as it is from England's Bruce Bairnsfather's "The Better 'Ole," special to itself and to its class. Its leading characters are men of cultivation, with the gift of quiet speech, a code to live by, "Alice in Wonderland" to quote from, and rugger and cricket and English gardens to talk of. The very quietness of their speech, its hungry, gallant adherence to gentility, is so startling when spoken in a dug-out that by implication the horrors of the war outside take on a dimension no direct tirade against them and no bald statement of their woes could ever give. The stature of their ravishers grows even greater, not by comment but by illustration that is almost unendurable in its pain, when a weakling like Hibbert and "a splendid chap" like Stanhope break beneath their strain.

Its situation, or its plot, if it may be called that, shows Raleigh, a young man who had hero-worshipped Stanhope at school, assigned to his regiment at the front. Because Raleigh's sister is engaged to Stanhope, the Stanhope the war has changed, the Stanhope who drinks steadily to maintain his courage because he believes that this is better cricket than pleading nerves and going home, immediately suspects that Raleigh has come to his regiment as a spy to write his sister about the real Stanhope. That alone suffices to thread the action, but it is more than enough. Out of it, little by little, Stanhope, with his temper, his nerves, his basic quality; Osborne, the fine, gentle, understanding school master who is killed during a raid; Raleigh, who comes back only to be shot in the spine during the next attack; Hibbert, the coward, the smutty-minded commoner, who takes advantage of the first gesture of friendship to make himself obnoxious; Trotter a prosaic, meal-loving, kindly second-lieutenant; and Mason, who cooks for them, suffers with them, and takes his place in the firing line, are spun into men of an extraordinary reality. An impending advance and a raiding party are all that are kept in reserve for plot or suspense values. But out of this modicum of physical action grows a play that is filled with torment of the most devastating kind and conflict that enlists the deepest sympathies.

In reading the play, the imminent sense of the war outside, the rumble of the guns, the flashing of the lights, are missed, sadly missed, because in performance they supply not only the necessary foil to the hushed talk and hysteria that the dug-out witnesses, but also a cruel, horrific character that broods relentlessly over the mere men it has trapped. Supplying that, however, from the memory of the performance or from that special imagination so imperative to the readers of printed plays, "Journey's End" becomes the most interesting play the present season has seen, heart-breaking in its pity, wise with the wisdom of tolerance, rich in its sense of character, and magnificent in its restraint.

Voyage

By RUTH O. MOORE

OLD Teeter Tuck, as reckless on the mast
  As in a tree-top, felt the wave-shocked plank
Leap under him, and clutching rotten rope
  Sprawled in an arc across the sky and sank.

Ice-cold and salt, the sea shut over him
  Like a slammed door. His oilskins weighed him down.
He struggled upward, wondering grimly why
  A man should come so many miles to drown;

And thoughts, not alien, troubled him. Should one
  Meeting his death by water, think of wide
Purposeful waves or souls?
  A rope sang; then,
Towering above, the schooner's crusted side.

The forecastle was merry in the gloom
  Of lanterns winking through their ancient smut.
He clashed his glass, feeling around his chest
  A red-hot circle where the rope had cut;

Visioning nothing, now his throat is wet
  With good green grog, his gurriest story told;
So many watches now, so many sleeps,
  So many quintals stored below the hold.

"Give 'er a heave!" "Y' blasted mermaid, you!"
  "Divin' for fun, he was, to bring up bones!"
"What was y' after, Teeter?" "Aw, I dove
  To swipe a kiss off Mrs. Davy Jones!"

His line cut through the water curiously,
  The while he braced his knees against the tug
A big fish gives for freedom. Bert spat out
  Tobacco, and advised him with a shrug.

"That there's a shark. You better cut your line."
  "Swaller some bait—this ain't no ol' maid's tea!"
The line slacked suddenly; he saw beneath
  A slim swift shadow, shooting through the sea;

And was aware, clamping his fingers tight
  Around the gunnel of the foundered boat,—
In water that holds almost nothing up,—
  Of Bert's small blue tobacco-tin, afloat.

The cold cut through his jacket and his boots
  And found his bones; he saw the winter sky,
And through the wheel that froze his hands, the moon,
  Icy and yellow as a seagull's eye.

To one who had used that round and timeless moon
  For sober kitchen clock as long as he,
A world with scant beginnings and an end
  To struggle for, should have no mystery.

Nevertheless, he could not tolerate
  A dimness raised within him by the gold
And crystal reticence. He grumbled, and
  For want of something better, cursed the cold.

He gutted cod at sunset on the deck,
  With others, bloody-fisted, daubed with scales.
Charley was tropic fire, cooled in mist,
  And Bill, a pleasant fat man, full of tales.

Bill had no silences; perpetual
  Small streams of perspiration coursed his fat,
The sins he had, little, but magnified,
  He wore as lightly as he wore his hat.

Therefore, it seemed a punishment too great,
  Out of proportion, when he cracked a joke
And the young tiger, Charley, leaped, and slit
  His windpipe open with a single stroke.

And one who saw his own bespattered boots,
  Casting an eye from crimson clot to clot,
Was somewhat muddled as his mind made out
  A man's blood like a fish's, only hot.

The blue, familiar roadstead, lined with shore
  After the ocean seemed absurd in size.
He could not quite adjust himself to see
  Water that stopped somewhere before his eyes.

And even on the dock he found himself
  Braced from the shoulders down, as one who feels
The heave and sway of ocean under him
  And holds a vessel's deck between his heels.

Vessel or dock, it tilted crazily.
  He could not get the motion of a boat
Out of his head, or what must be again
  The clawing of the sea against his throat.

Always to ease his soul's wide wayfaring
  He had sailed windy water. Times between
There were few things on land he had not done
  Or many places that he had not seen.

Now was a time to let his visions
  Thoughtful no more of ships or v
He felt the fever vanish from his h
  Came to his peace at last and was co.

All afternoon until the fog came in
  On any last veiled gesture of the drowned,
The schooner sought some sign of Teeter Tuck,
  Sunk in the ocean, out of sight and sound.

Winter Tea Hour

(*Caffé Aurum-Rapallo*)

By LEE WILSON DODD

THE sorrows of Madama Butterfly,
  Smeared with a viscous *Cantilena* . . . there,
Hunched in her daily corner, wraps on chair,
Frau Lübitsch knits and knits . . . a peachblow sky
Blooms over Portofino . . . why, O why
Not tuck a rose, Miss Cholmondeley, in your hair! . . .
The Colonel mounts his monocle—the air
Chills suddenly . . . pale wavelets woo the eye
With dovelike modulations and many a fleck
As of far-drifted petals, lisping in
To sigh along the promenade's pure curve . . .
"What *are* those pretty poisonous drinks they serve—
"Jade, amber, and magenta?"
  "Pay the check!
"I *know* that Tosca's going to begin."

Morning News

By CHARLES BROWN NELSON

ALL night the rain has beaten where they lie
  Beside the bank the yellow roadster struck.
They had no chance to frame an alibi,
No time to kiss, or wish each other luck.
They lie as though they were not dead at all,
As though they might arise and walk again,
As though they heard each other softly call
And saw each other dimly through the rain.
It is as though they had a right to keep
A vigil here for finders in the dawn—
Like runaways that dream of home, they sleep.
Wherever they were going, they have gone.
Reporters swarm, like flies about a clot:
"ILLICIT LOVERS KILLED IN LONELY SPOT."

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The Age of Innocence

IT is my firm conviction that in studying the art of any country at any period it is quite absurd to look for any clear and uninterrupted line of progress. Art does not progress and its history must be always in the main the history of certain artists who have by the inspiration of their genius given an impetus, a twist, a fire to the artistic movements of their day. It is the critic's business to discover why the work of an artist has the color, the shape, the influence that it has, and he makes his discoveries by his study of the work of art itself, the personality and circumstances of the artist and the conditions of his time. These may indeed be platitudes, but it is curious and interesting to observe with what obstinate pertinacity the critic is forgetful of them.

In the history of no art is there any progress and most certainly not in the history of the English novel. Nor, let me add, is there retrogression either. When the age of "Ulysses" looks in the face of "Tristram Shandy" does a blush rise on the cheek of either? Most certainly not. We cannot doubt but that Parson Sterne would be deeply intrigued by the discoveries, and most especially by the vocabulary of Mr. James Joyce. What would Thackeray have to say to the author of "Orlando"? May we not be sure that the author of "Pendennis" would rejoice at the moral freedom of this year of 1929? He would not in these days be compelled to tell lies about Pendennis's little laundress even though Sir William Joynson Hicks were his Home Secretary.

* * *

On the other hand we may conceive that Walter Scott, studying the new books in Mr. Wilson's handsome bookshop in Oxford Street, would, in spite of his generous mind and noble ability to discover the best in everybody, wonder where his own genius of narrative and action had gone to. He would find, I fear, at this moment, not one single worthy example of that enthralling aspect of the novelist's art.

We are in fact allowed neither pessimism nor optimism. If, with Mr. Guedualla and Mr. Desmond McCarthy, we believe that the art of the novel is dying, it is only because our studies of the modern novel in England have been limited to a few altogether indifferent hours, our real interests being elsewhere. On the other hand, the torrent of fiction that today deafens our ears and frightens our stability does, I must confess, make it difficult for us to believe in the survival of the fittest; at times even the most ardent novel reader among us must wish that the form had never been invented; it is only the novel writers who are never weary.

With our eyes on the recent past, however, looking as we must both back and forth, certain facts must be noticed. One is that, up to 1870, the English novel was the most English thing in England, another, that it had been consistently regarded as a happy accident rather than an Art, and a third, that it had in general grown so virtuous that it kept touch with real life only with great difficulty.

* * *

This *Englishness* of the English novel has not I think been sufficiently emphasized by the historians of our literature. It is an Englishness of background, of form (or rather the lack of form) and above all of a kind of creative zest, innocent, gay, and physically rather boisterous. In the novels of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, we are aware constantly of the physical condition of the characters, and this physical condition is, even though they are like Quilp or Barnes Newcome morally diseased with sickly bodies, robust and healthy and humorous. So unmorbid is the world of Fielding, Scott, and Dickens that sunlight seems to pierce into every nook and cranny. The very weather plays a healthy part; in the novels of Jane Austen, for instance, so soon as the day is unfair everyone takes to the fireside; every page of those delightful works glows either with sunlight or firelight.

The robustness of the atmosphere is also felt in the many physical mishaps that occur to the characters. Mr. Pickwick's misadventures on the ice form a kind of symbol of the moral jollity of this robust world. Food and drink reach a sort of high ecstasy that no other literature in the world can quite show. Even in the Horror School Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis make their horrors physical rather than moral or mental. Lewis tries indeed to involve his readers in a simple sort of morbidity, but his black characters are so black and his white so white no one is taken in for a moment.

That the novel in England was not considered an Art is another of its characteristics before 1870. Richardson was the father-confessor of his readers, Fielding the jolly companion, Scott the fireside storyteller, Thackeray the moral teacher, Dickens the exuberant improviser. Of them all only Jane Austen can seem to our time the deliberate artist, and she was, it is clear from her words about the novel in "Northanger Abbey," quite unselfconsciously so. No one, even Hazlitt, wrote about the novel as an Art. It was considered a pleasant minor occupation for self-indulgent persons who had not quite as much work as they ought to have.

* * *

The implications of this simple and natural innocency were many. In the first place there was no necessity for any kind of Form or Shape. Form for many of the mid-Victorian novelists indeed was forbidden by their manner of publication. What hope of technical shape could you have when your novel appeared in shilling numbers month by month to be continued indefinitely until readers were weary? What Shape could you have when, like Dickens, you were concerned with perhaps the creation of four or five masterpieces at the same time? This manner of publication led also to a co-operation of reader and writer which is today, alas, unknown. It is true that a novelist of today may find his post loaded with letters informing him that a moon has risen at the wrong time or that his heroine's baby is eating bacon six months too early, but this is a co-operation *post hoc*. In one of Lady Ritchie's delightful prefaces to her father's works she describes how a young lady in the country, weary of Amelia and Dobbin, wrote to Thackeray requesting him to omit them for a number or two, and he was only too glad to do so, for was not the young lady in a manner writing his novel with him? I can only emphasize the sad change from then to now by asking you to allow your imagination to picture the indignation of a modern novelist requested by a reader to abandon his leading idea or alter his favorite grotesqueries! We are not, I fear, so humble as once we were. This absence of plan and excited mingling with eager readers produced beyond question a fine free ecstasy of creation. When the book might go as it pleased with nothing to check it, characters sprang up on every side and carried the writer along with them. No wonder we are told that Thackeray laughed and cried with his creations, was grieved for days after he had killed one of them and attended, festooned with flowers, all the inevitable marriages. It is indeed one of the most serious questions that we have to ask as we watch the change in the character of the English novel, whether our increased sophistication has not largely killed our old creative force. It is a question that the 'seventies is as a period a little too early to answer but the shadows can be found there casting their shadows before them.

* * *

Thirdly there is the simplicity of moral psychology. In all the Victorian novels until at least George Eliot we have no kind of difficulty in distinguishing the sheep from the goats. If we are at all in doubt the illustrations, whether from Thackeray's own pencil or Cruickshank or "Phiz" will tell us, and, if after those, there be any question, the *fate* of the characters is enough for us, the Victorian goat, however he may prosper, falling always into total ruin, the Victorian sheep, however he may suffer (and, shades of Paul Dombey and Little Nell how he *does* suffer!) always, if death does not intervene, reaching the secure and eternally happy haven of matrimony.

But it may be that this moral simplicity led also to the strengthening of creative zest. Unworried by psychological subtleties the novelist could fix his eye on the swift current of events and could allow his characters, like the Czar's subjects before the war, every sort of freedom save the political one. We may suppose also that Victorian readers were not quite so innocent as they seemed and knew a thing or two that their novelists were allowed only to whisper in their ears.

* * *

I said before that this insular morality was leading the English novel away from reality and the principal drama of its adventures in the 'seventies lies precisely in this—its struggles towards honesty of statement, its fight for a new kind of realism.

Everyone knows how the influence of Collins forced the later Dickens into a sort of plot straitjacket with which he was never really familiar or happy. The novel that showed most favorably his attempt to squeeze his horde of characters into the bottle-neck of a plot was very possibly "Bleak House," the worst quite certainly "Little Dorrit." Yet it is "Little Dorrit" that I would choose as the true forerunner of the new world that the novel of the 'seventies was timidly setting out to explore. I would only remark of it that its queer dusky melodrama involved in the cobwebs of dark rooms, the ominous rumbling of trembling walls combined with the socialistic propaganda of the Marshalsea, the humors of M. F.'s Aunt, the sentimentalities of Little Dorrit herself and Arthur Clenham, and the remarkable attempt to come to grips at last with life that is real and not sugarly fictitious, contains almost all the opposing forces that make the English novel of the 'seventies so strikingly the opening struggle between unfettered creative zest and sophisticated self-conscious Art that is not yet finally decided.

Wilkie Collins by 1870 had reached that sad decline which clouded all his later years, but he was the best melodramatist of the 'seventies, if we allow that Charles Reade was something more than that. Whether there has ever been a better detective novel in English than "The Moonstone" I cannot say. For my part I believe not. We are at this very moment suffering from a flood of detective romances produced I believe mainly for Cabinet Ministers and the more superior literary critics. God forbid that I should throw scorn on them, but I do feel that for the most part their authors might study the better work of Wilkie Collins with advantage; the most of them are algebraical problems, clever and adroit on occasion and on occasion not clever and adroit at all. Collins has Count Fosco, Miss Finch, and many another memorable lady and gentleman to his credit.

* * *

His influence on the 'seventies was quite clear and definite. He brought no new thing into the English novel; he rather perfected a very good old thing. He made the plot of so devastating an importance that all the novelists of the 'seventies felt compelled to have some sort of dealings with it—and a number of them dealt with nothing else.

On the other hand he hampered himself with one of the curses of the 'seventies' novel and that was the quite intolerable demon of Propaganda, the demon that almost throttled poor Charles Reade, the demon who was drowned once and for all in a butt of the selfish immoral indifference of the early 'nineties. Collins, whether it was the abuse of private asylums in "The Woman in White," the marriage laws of "Man and Wife," the notice to the prostitute in "The New Magdalen," anti-vivisection in "Heart and Science," or drunken nurses in "Basil," could not check his most inartistic moral indignation. This moral indignation is the curse of the English novel of the 'seventies; it is the element that makes it hardest for us to be patient with many of the liveliest writers of that period.

* * *

It is interesting to notice, however, that the propaganda and the melodrama go almost invariably hand in hand. The pill is disguised with jam, the contrasts are painted in most violent colors, the sheep and the goats are separated more fiercely than either Thackeray or Dickens ever dreamed of dividing them. In any case there could not be clearer examples than some of these novels of Wilkie Collins if we wish to see the devastating effect on art that

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by Hugh Walpole

an honest determination to do good to your fellow-mortals can have.

But it is at exactly this point that we encounter two personalities who show to what remarkable heights of melodrama those novelists of the 'seventies could rise—two figures who both in their faults and their virtues are products only of that period; writers of their kind, of their naiveté, their force, their absurdities, and their gusto will, we may safely say, never appear in the world again. They stand, big symbolic figures of that odd half-real half-imagined Victorian world—the close of it—figures at the gates about to be shut for ever.

Charles Reade is crying out for his biography, for his novels are both curious and perplexing in their combination of quite opposite qualities and his personality in its odd violences, generosities, impetuosities both provoking and endearing.

He was a melodramatist of the theatre and in that he followed both Dickens and Wilkie Collins. There was in him a great deal of that odd mixture of sawdust, variegated waistcoats, and amateur theatricals that belongs to Mr. Crummles at one end and "The Frozen Deep" at the other.

* * *

But it was not merely *amateur* theatricals that held him; he had a very real traffic with the *real* theatre and it was unquestionably this *real* theatre—felt at a time when the English drama was at its lowest ebb—that was responsible for the gravest faults in his tempestuous novels. His fame also has been hampered by the excessive popularity of his most famous novel. Had he never written "The Cloister and the Hearth" there is no doubt but that "Griffith Gaunt," "Put Yourself in His Place" and "Foul Play," would be awarded a higher critical position than they are. In many ways indeed "Griffith Gaunt" is the best novel that he ever wrote; it has less of his melodrama—although there is plenty—and more real tragedy having its source in character rather than in event, than any of the others. And it is strangely typical of its period. It is full of the old false tricks, false violence, false pathos, false situation. It has that odd air of a city and smoking footlights that came in with Monk Lewis, persisted with Lever, Hook, Ainsworth, Lytton, Dickens, Collins; it is one of the finest achievements of Meredith, Hardy, and Stevenson that they took this very false paste and glitter and changed it into something quite different. It is that transformation that is the most interesting feature in the English novel between 1870 and 1885.

Henry Kingsley is, in my opinion, a yet more important figure than Reade. It is quite certain that he is most undeservedly neglected. The space allotted to him in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as compared with that given to his brother Charles is scandalous; it is more and more generally recognized to-day that he is in every way a novelist of greater importance than his brother.

His life was romantic enough with its swift transitions from Worcester College, Oxford, to the Australian gold-fields, thence to England, then to the Franco-German War where he was present at the battle of Sedan, then back to England and novel-writing again. He was the author of at least six remarkable and memorable novels—"Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," "The Hillyars and the Burtons," "Silcote of Silcotes," "Mademoiselle Mathilde," and "Stretton."

* * *

He is an especially good example of the novelist of the fading Victorian tradition who was almost untouched by the theories and aims of the coming modern novel. He is, in a way, the most old-fashioned novelist in English literature. One might say that he would have been old-fashioned in whatever age he wrote, and that very fact, so long held against him is now beginning to be his principal charm. He is a remarkable example of what zest can do for a novelist. Practically every fault that a novelist can commit Henry Kingsley commits. He is inconsequent, verbose, and casual; he is desperately sentimental and a frantic moralist; he is for ever thrusting his own opinions and personality before the reader; he uses every possible device of melodrama and every impossible one; his characters are so black and so white that they blind the reader with their simplicity. He adores noble heroes with brawny chests, athletic parsons, weeping heroines, and worst of all Earls soaked in the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge. He is so proud of being an Englishman that one blushes for one's patriotism and his affection for cold baths deserves all Laurence Oliphant's sarcasm. He has no technique, no powers of construction, and only a theatrical sense of effect. Nevertheless with all this, his best books survive and survive amazingly.

He has neither the priggishness nor the intolerance of his brother and he is far, far stronger in the creation of character. It is indeed his creation of character that carries him through. How or why his characters survive his emotional exposition of them it is difficult to say, but survive they do.

But it is his own interest in his own subject that gives Henry Kingsley his power; in this he is an object lesson to a number of very clever novelists to-day; again and again he makes us ask the question which is the supreme question forced upon us by the typical 'seventies novel—how is the novelist to reconcile his creative zest and his self-conscious sense of art?

It is the age-old question to be asked about the novel; how to use your brains without stifling your heart, how to give your emotions full liberty and yet not make a fool of yourself! Only the greatest masters in this difficult art have answered the question for us and they have answered it without thinking of the rules of the game. It is instructive to realize that none of the great novelists of the world have written treatises on the novel—they have other things to do.

Henry Kingsley makes us ask almost in accents of despair about our own modern novel—must we always be compelled to choose between the novelist who is all heart and no brains and the novelist who is all brains and no heart? Happily there are one or two with a mixture of both and, for my part, it is they who win the prizes.

* * *

I have tried briefly and I fear very inadequately to form some picture of the novel in the 'seventies as it typically was. There were forces on the opposite side, forces that were, in one fashion or another, to effect the magic transmutation from the homely exuberant lusty "innocent" to the polished, shining, sophisticated citizens of all the world that we now know. Oliphant's "Piccadilly," Butler's "Erewhon," and a delightful work, now quite forgotten, but most worthy of reissue, the gay and ferocious "Ginx's Baby" by a Mr. Jenkins who is not even the "Dictionary of National Biography," sound the doom of Victorian Uplift and moral behavior. On every side the new forces come sweeping in: "Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," "Travels with a Donkey," "Far From the Madding Crowd." These, however little it was recognized at the time, were the books of the modern world. The old novel was killed by three destructive forces—the sense of Form that came, with the aid of Mr. Vizetelly, Mr. George Moore, and others from France, the sense of Reality given to us by Thomas Hardy and George Gissing, the New Morality introduced to us by the New Woman.

The sense of Form taught us that it mattered whether our books were well-constructed, whether our sentences were well-balanced, whether our sequences were inevitable without being arranged. That our sense of Form has not yielded to the senses of Philosophy and Poetry is a subject beyond this present article.

Our sense of Reality has led possibly too easily to a sense of grime. Our noses are too close to the ground to-day just as in the 'seventies our chins were too high in the air.

But it is the sense of Morality that has yielded the greatest changes. In the 'seventies the novelists took it for granted that once you were married you were happy for ever after. In the 'nineties the novelists took it for granted that once you were married you were done for. In the modern novel as none of the characters are married at all the old question scarcely arises.

But there *are* other questions. We have lost something. What? Shades of Charles Reade and Henry Kingsley answer us! I see them standing in their Olympian shrouds gazing down upon us. On their genial countenances there are shadows of admiration, but also implications of pity.

Can it be that they pity us because we are so clever?

Hugh Walpole, the novelist, and author of this essay on the turning-point in the history of the English novel, with its interesting sidelights on what a modern writer thinks of the art of his own times, is too well known, both as novelist and lecturer, to need introduction to American readers. His best read works are, perhaps, "Fortitude," "The Duchess of Wrexe," "The Secret City," "Jeremy," "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," "Harmer John," and "Wintersmoon."

A Successful Anthology

A COMPREHENSIVE ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Modern Library. 1929.

Reviewed by Archibald MacLeish

THERE is little that can be said about an anthology. If the selection is made in accordance with an esthetic theory one can argue the theory. But where, as here, the attempt is to make a comprehensive selection, only questions of taste remain. And in questions of taste Mr. Aiken's authority is considerable. He is guilty, to my mind, of but one considerable breach, and that is in the omission of himself. His modesty is commendable. But a man making an anthology has no right to modesty. The result is that his presentation of modern poets is extremely incomplete because he himself occupies a place among them which is not filled by mere silence. Different critics will suggest different emendations in his list but not one would leave him out, not one would give him a less place than the places taken by the best.

With this one (considerable) objection Mr. Aiken's anthology stands as the best existing anthology of American verse. And certainly the most interesting. In his preface Mr. Aiken says:

> At the very outset (the editor) faces the formidable question of proportion. How much space shall he give to "early" American poetry—the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? . . . It has been the present editor's intention to be somewhat severer with his material than his predecessors have been, in order that the process of clarification of this tradition (the now beginning tradition of American poetry) might take a step forward. He has been rather hard on certain national favorites. . . . To . . . an objection he can only reply that in his opinion the poetry which begins, roughly, with Emily Dickinson, has been the richest which America has produced; and that our so-called classics have been very seriously overestimated.

In view of this statement it is not surprising that we find Whitman with about seventy pages, Longfellow with seven, Bryant with five, Holmes with two and the poets since (and including) E. A. Robinson, with more than one hundred and thirty. These poets are Anna Hempstead Branch, Amy Lowell, Masters, Lindsay, Frost, Sandburg, Leonard, Kreymborg, Fletcher, H. D., Untermeyer, Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Hall Wheelock, Cale Young Rice, Elinor Wylie, Pound, Cummings, Archibald MacLeish, John Crowe Ransome, and Marianne Moore.

For the completeness or incompleteness of this list Mr. Aiken will have to answer to enraged families and friends. It would be dangerous, in this case very dangerous, to stand beside him there. But for the poems selected, granting the poets from whom to select, he need fear nothing. They will fairly stop the mouths of his adversaries. They suggest a contemporary poetry in America which can fairly be compared with the contemporary poetry of England and the Continent. And not, thereby, too seriously suffer. For making this appear, the few persons who interest themselves in American poetry owe Mr. Aiken their gratitude as well as their admiration.

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Books of Special Interest

Our Philippine Record

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By W. CAMERON FORBES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $10.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL W. CAMERON FORBES has written a work on the Philippines which is certain to occupy an important place in the literature on the Islands, especially that pertaining to the critical incipient phases of American occupancy. Taken by and large, it is the completest, most carefully constructed and most authentic history of America's major colonial enterprise yet produced.

Governor Forbes went to the Philippines in 1904 as a member of the Philippine Commission at the request of President Roosevelt. He was given the portfolio of Commerce and Police. In 1908 he was appointed Vice-Governor, and in the following year Governor-General by President Taft, holding that post until 1913, when Francis Burton Harrison succeeded him.

The history of the Philippines in the past quarter century, following the military period of occupation and pacification, may be epitomized in the names of four Governors-General: Taft, the organizer; Forbes, the builder; Harrison, the altruist; and Wood, the reconstructor. Of these four administrations, that of Forbes, the builder, will probably go down in history as the one richest in permanent, constructive achievement in an economic sense.

To the author's credit be it said, he does not take advantage of the opportunity to heighten his own status at the expense of other administrators. If anything, he is too modest and self-effacing in the recording of his own achievements, this despite the fact that he does give rather excessive credit to those who constitute his immediate personal entourage, failing to mention many minor characters in the Philippine story who also played not inconspicuous parts. Personal loyalty to an unusual degree has always been a marked feature of the Forbesian milieu, both on the part of the Governor himself and on the part of those who basked in his favor and profited thereby. However, the detached, judicious, well-balanced, and dispassionate attitude of the author toward the larger topics and problems discussed in the book will come as a pleasant revelation to those who know Mr. Forbes personally. At the same time it contributes measurably to the historic and literary value of the work. Mr. Forbes is especially gracious and charitable to his successor, who, goodness knows, gave him plenty of cause for personal recrimination.

Following a general description of the Archipelago, Mr. Forbes recounts the early history of the Islands and then with greater detail, the story of American occupation. He has chosen to depict the progress of civil government by topics such as Public Order, Finances, Justice, Health, Public Works, Education, etc., and these chapters form the most valuable portion of the work, being largely based on personal observation, experience, and accomplishment. There are also excellent chapters on the Church and the State, Philippine Political Parties, the Philippine Assembly, the régime of the Democratic Party, and the Independence Movement. In his chapter on the Moros, one might have wished to read more specific comment by Mr. Forbes on the results of civil government in the Moro Province. The success of the civil régime is implied, if not stated, but it is certain that Leonard Wood would have questioned its timeliness and deplored its results. However, since civil government in Moroland was instituted on the joint advice of Governor Forbes and General Pershing, then military governor of the province, and since Frank W. Carpenter, Mr. Forbes's former executive secretary and his chief collaborator on the present book, was the first civil governor, continuing in that post for some years, an outright condemnation of that important step in our Philippine administrative policy could hardly have been expected. Yet it is a topic of vital contemporary interest in the Philippine situation.

Mr. Forbes writes in a simple, straightforward, lucid style with no pretense to literary preciosity. He tells the story of American colonial venture and accomplishment in the Philippines as a conscientious *investigator would tell it, and it is one that* should make every American proud. The author justifies and defends our record in comparison with less liberal European colonial systems, concludes that the policies of our statesmen with respect to the Philippines have been sound, and suggests a continuance of further autonomous concessions in the form of complete local autonomy under the supervision of an American Resident Commissioner with extensive plenary reserve powers.

A Broken Dream

LIV. By KATHLEEN COYLE. Introduction by REBECCA WEST. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

IN this simple little story of a simple little Norwegian girl who *would* go to Paris, who burnt her wings there with a light o' love and returned to Norway, in hurt bewilderment, Miss Coyle has dealt delicately and convincingly in a difficult field of national psychology. We have all of us wondered what goes on behind the placid exteriors of those innumerable Scandinavians who form their phalanxes in the Latin Quarter and who may be found drinking beer, blond and benevolent, at any hour of the day or night in the Paris of the expatriates.

Miss Coyle tells us. Little Liv Evensen was the "one" of her family. "Isn't there always one who travels, one with the Viking's itch, amongst us Norwegians?" She didn't want to settle down right yet and marry Harald Christensen to whom she was tepidly affianced. She fought her family to be allowed to go to Paris. Her Aunt Sonja had been there as a girl and had suffered. Just the same she had returned and reared a large and healthy family. Sonja Krag didn't want Liv to go—"she hated waste, not because she was mean, but because she was too intensely aware of the treasures of life." However, Liv was determined and, after all, as her uncle said, "She'll have enough of it . . . she'll never want to go away again . . ." On the desperate excuse that she wanted to study cooking so as to make Harald a better wife, Liv won free.

In Paris she looked up an old and rather disreputable, friend, Barbra Grondahl, who made a living by painting little red foxes and who lived in sin with a Russian named Sasha. Barbra took Liv to the Fullers' studio, where she met her fate in a half-Spanish, half-Norwegian charmer named Per Malom. They fell in love with each other, but not in the conventional sense, for Liv came from the north and "In the South you love with the body, in the North we love with our souls!" Liv's was a spiritual flirtation and a soul-mating. "We shall always belong to each other," she tells her lover, and when they separate she told herself, "It was not ended. It had only begun. It would never end." For Per Malom was married and Liv was not that sort of girl.

In her pain, she takes the first boat back to Norway and seeks out her wise Aunt Sonja. "What is it about them, Aunt Sonja?" she asks. "They seem afraid to be real . . . they are ruled." Her aunt enlightens her:

> "There is something wrong with us in this Northland, Liv. We have become like the earth we inhabit. Our natures are white as the driven snow outside and full of dark passion beneath. It is all right for us here. Here . . . we preserve our pride. When we go South into warmer lands we lose something of ourselves. We thaw, we flood over. We are not to blame . . . We are too easily hurt . . . It is better, I think, to stay where we belong . . . where even the trees know us . . ."

Slender though this story and brief though this book may be, it is written with such perception and restraint that it must be recognized as a valid piece of artistry. There will be many to regret that Miss Coyle has expended her fine talents upon so meager a theme and more to wish that she had carried the story further, to show us Liv finally wedded to her stupid Harald and living out a broken dream in the admirable but stupefying north. However, Miss Coyle has made her choice, and if the result is not so satisfactory as "Shule Agra" or "The Widow's House," it has been wrought with the sincere integrity of art and stark economy of means which distinguishes her literary style to the discriminating.

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A Letter from France

By René Galland

THE nineteenth century, which saw the asserting of nationalities and the confronting of nationalisms, was also the century of history; and that the majority of histories considered facts from the national standpoint is the less surprising because a spirit of scientific analysis predominated, which seemed to enjoin a distrust of syntheses. "For a single day of synthesis," said Fustel de Coulanges, "whole years of analysis are required." Most historians, following the master's precept, narrowed down their fields of research and their horizons, and the General Histories, such as that of Lavisse and Rambaud, entrusted to a great number of specialists, felt the effects of a principle of division of labor which had been carried too far. Since the beginning of the twentieth century and still more since the Great War, the need for synthesis has become more and more urgent, and has manifested itself even in particular histories, such as the "History of Ancient Northern Africa," by S. Gsell, of which six out of eight volumes have appeared, or the monumental "History of Gaul," in eight bulky volumes, by Camille Jullian. The same need for wider syntheses, which caused H. G. Wells to write his "Outline of History," has in France brought into being the "Universal Histories."

The "Evolution of Humanity," a collective synthesis in a hundred volumes, each volume being the work of a single collaborator, deals with the origin of life and of man, the earth before the advent of mankind, prehistoric humanity; and after four introductory volumes—the linguistic, ethnological, geographical, and sociological introductions to history—enters upon the ancient civilizations. There is no need to speak of it at great length, for a corresponding series, "The History of Civilization" (Alfred Knopf), exists in English, being for the most part translations of the corresponding French volumes, with a few volumes added by English writers. The twenty-six volumes of the first section have almost all appeared; but, even before the work had begun to be published, it was seen that such a vast synthesis could never be easily accessible, even were the drawback avoided of its becoming nothing but a collection of monographs.

Much simpler than the "Evolution of Humanity" is the "General History of the Peoples of the World," a work in three volumes which appeared towards the end of 1926, and which embraces the whole evolution of humanity from prehistoric times to the present day, dealing in a summary manner not only with the lives of great men, but also with the history of manners, customs, institutions, and arts, and the contribution of each individual people to the general development of the human race.

Midway between these two publications comes the work of two university professors, Monsieur Halphen of Bordeaux and Monsieur Sagnac of Paris, who, having conceived the idea of producing a history of the world, which, although scientific and accurate, was to be capable of easier handling than the "Evolution of Humanity," launched the collection "Peoples and Civilizations," a series to be completed in twenty volumes.

The guiding thought of the directors of this enterprise has been that of the solidarity which has at all times existed in different degrees amongst all the families of peoples spread over the surface of the earth. America alone seems to have led a solitary existence until the threshold of modern times. But even far-off Asia, as well as Africa, have always lived in a more or less close relationship with the peoples of the West. Separate histories, then, do not exist for Professor Halphen; there is but *one* history, the evolutionary development of which, when brought out, cannot fail to arouse the reader's interest. There is no more pigeonholing by countries or by questions, no more history of Greece or of Rome, no more history of arts or of sciences, but a historical ensemble where the main facts in each period are made to stand out, that is, those facts which bring about progress and condition the march of evolution, facts, both material and moral,—the emigration of peoples and colonization, destructive wars and periods of productive stability, great religious crises, great discoveries, etc.

Three volumes have already appeared; the first volume, which is due to the collaboration of five eminent scholars of whom one was the late Fougères, head of the French school at Athens, is entitled "First Civilizations"—those which flourished before the twentieth century B. C. amongst the islands of the Ægean Sea and on the periphery of the eastern Mediterranean. On the first Indo-European emigrations, on the civilization of the Hittites, the general reader will find some interesting new facts (at all events they are new to us). The authors' endeavor has always been to coördinate the histories of these ancient peoples (the Cretans and Egyptians, for example), to show their interdependence, and to emphasize the main outlines.

The following volume, not yet out, will treat of Greece and the East, including Central Asia and Buddhist India.

The third volume, "The Roman Conquest," by Piganiol, which shows Latin civilization swelling like a wave and spreading as far as Turkestan, with China standing there as a background, is to be followed by the "Roman Empire," which pushed on, working on the same lines, establishing connections with China and the northern countries of Europe and making possible the blending of seemingly incompatible civilizations, from Africa to Germany and Britain.

In the fifth volume, which has already appeared, — "The Barbarians" — Professor Halphen seeks in India and China the origin of the invasions of the barbarians who first destroyed and razed everything and then endeavored to reconstruct, laying the basis, or, at least, preparing the foundations of, the new structure. He emphasizes, more than any of his predecessors, the primitive history of the Balkan peoples and the important rôle played by Islam. In this connection we may note in passing that the summary of the life and work of Mahomet appears to us a masterpiece. The Arab conquests, from the seventh to the ninth centuries, exposed Western civilization to danger. The attack of the Turks in the eleventh century added yet another danger, which might have become catastrophic, had not Christian Europe pulled itself together and replied with the Crusade to the attack of the Turks. And so Professor Halphen justly considers the righting of Europe a most important event and sees in the era of the great Turkish advance (1075) the end of a historical period.

The sixth volume by the same author, for whom the Middle Ages are not, as for Mr. Wells, a closed book (indeed he is one of our most distinguished medievalists), shows Europe gradually rising out of chaos, assuming the ethical aspect it has to-day and (unlike to Asia which the Mongols seek to subject in its entirety) "already beautiful in strength and grace"; whilst the seventh volume will deal with the great social, political, economic, intellectual, and religious crisis of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which marks the end of the Middle Ages, where the new fabric is already being woven amongst the ruins of the old.

The next two volumes, which will be ready next fall, are devoted to the "Beginnings of Modern Times," of which the Renaissance and the Reformation are two striking aspects—to which must be added the economic revival due to the discovery of America and Japan. And then three powers appear successively on the front of the stage, as is indicated by the titles or subtitles: "Spanish Preponderance" (Vol. IX), "French Preponderance" (Vol. X), and "English Preponderance" (Vol. XI), marking thus the three principal stages from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. During this time the outlines of the modern world become more definite in Europe, amid the crises of wars of religion, followed by the conquest of science, which becomes international.

The twelfth volume ("The American Revolution") by Professor Sagnac marks the appearance on the stage of the United States, and with them the "French Revolution" and "Napoleon" (Vols. XIII and XIV) the guiding principles of the present-day world are made to stand out clearly.

The titles of the remaining volumes bring out in schematic fashion the salient facts of the periods they deal with: "The Awakening of Nationalities (1815-48)," "The Democratic Revolutions (1848-60)," "The Triumph of the National Idea (1860-78)," "The Industrial Movement and Colonial Imperialism (1878-1904)," "Armaments and the Great War (1904-1918)." The twentieth and last volume indicates the great problems of the "World of To-day."

To judge by the volumes already out, this history, with its relative concision, will constitute the newest of the general histories of humanity.

William S. Hart

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IN THE LAND OF COCKAIGNE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Axton D. B. Clarke. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

THIS powerful satire on the Berlin bourgeoisie of the 1890's—for nearly thirty years a European classic of epoch-marking significance—is here issued as the first work of a projected series, the Transatlantic Library, edited by Matthew Josephson, which is to include the novels of eminent Continental authors hitherto unavailable in English. It was with this malignant story that Mann, then twenty-nine, made his literary début, and because of the merciless flaying he administered to the parasitic moneyed class of the capital, a storm of animosity was raised against him. His protagonist is a young, obscure, unscrupulous provincial, Andrew Zumsee, who comes unbefriended to Berlin, ambitious for easy fame and fortune as a journalist. Utterly without principles, he accepts the surest means of entrance into "Cockaigne"—"the Lazy Man's Heaven"—by attaching himself, as a luxuriously kept lover, to the fat, middle-aged wife of a lecherous old millionaire.

The rise of Andrew from poverty, under the wing of these two gross sensualists, to idle opulence and position in this garish pleasure world is instantaneous and lofty. He is the boon of dishonest financiers, toadies, courtesans, crooked officials, giving himself the airs of a Junker, and believing confidently that he is the salt of the earth. But through his spiteful betrayal of his benefactors—he is unfaithful to his mistress and steals the old husband's latest darling—he is humbled to the dust, brought down to the necessity of working for a wage little better than a clerk's. A book of great force and brilliance in the vast gallery of its portraits, all revealing some degree of dissoluteness, there is not a single redeeming subject. Vindictive humor abounds, too broad for irony.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Education

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By A. N. WHITEHEAD. New York. Macmillan. 1929. $2.50.

There is a peculiar interest in making contact with a mind so powerful as Professor Whitehead's on grounds more familiar to our thinking than those familiar and usual to him. When he turns to mathematical equations to express ideas, most of us fall by the wayside; but seven of these essays are on education, and the clarity and force of his mind is mirrored in the clarity and force of his language. The general theme running through the seven essays is the relations between freedom and discipline.

> In the history of education, the most striking phenomenon is that schools of learning, which at one epoch are alive with a ferment of genius, in a succeeding generation exhibit merely pedantry and routine. The reason is, that they are over-laden with inert ideas. . . . Every intellectual revolution which has stirred humanity into greatness has been a passionate protest against inert ideas. How in our system of education can we guard against this mental dry rot?

One reason for the two educational commandments, "Do not teach too many subjects," and "What you teach teach thoroughly," is that small parts of many subjects do not take root, whereas a few important ideas thrown into every combination possible equip a child to do his own thinking. Pursuing the same theme in "The Rhythm of Education" and "The Rhythmic Claims of Freedom and Discipline," Professor Whitehead remarks, that from the simple and easy to the complex and difficult is not an inevitable order. Some of the most complex and difficult stages are achieved by the child when very young. He suggests instead three stages which he calls Romance, Precision, and Generalization. They are stages, not of exclusive difference, but of different emphasis. "My main position is that the dominant note of education at its beginning is freedom, but there is an intermediate stage of discipline with freedom subordinate." For there can be no mental development without interest; knowledge is barren without it; and the necessary discipline and exactness should be so placed and managed as to be least likely to stifle interest, wonder, or curiosity. In the third stage one ought to regain for permanent possession, the romance of learning.

In giving any account of Professor Whitehead the temptation is to quote at length, because he is so quotable. You cannot improve his statement, and to condense dispels the vividness. But of special interest to a literary man, and a good example of the way he lights up any subject he looks at, is this passage on style:

> Finally there should grow the most austere of all mental qualities; I mean the sense of style. It is an æsthetic sense, based on admiration for the direct attainment of a foreseen end, simply and without waste. Style in art, style in literature, style in science, style in logic, style in practical execution, have fundamentally the same esthetic qualities, namely, attainment and restraint. . . . Style is the ultimate morality of mind. But above style, and above knowledge, there is something, a vague shape like fate above the Greek gods. That something is Power. Style is the fashioning of power, the restraining of power. . . . With style you attain your end, and nothing but your end.

Professor Whitehead has style in more than the sense of his definition. He has it in one of its universal senses, namely, a medium of conveyance for qualities of personality.

Fiction

ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED. By MARY WEBB. New York: Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Most readers of *The Saturday Review* will remember the touching story of Mary Webb: that for some time her novels, rich with the feeling of the English country, appealed to a discriminating but small public; that she became suddenly celebrated two years ago, when Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, wrote congratulating her on "Precious Bane"; and that then, with readers assured for her next novel, she died before completing it.

"Armour Wherein He Trusted" is the novel which she left unfinished. The book contains also a number of short stories and a sympathetic introduction by Martin Armstrong. The collection is highly uneven, as posthumous collections are apt to be; but most of the short stories have the qualities on which the author's fame rests. She shows in them that remarkable sense of the country, especially of her own Shropshire, the country which has given us Housman and some of the best of Masefield, that captivated the weary Premier from the next shire. Her people are of the stuff of west-country hills; it is natural to her to describe them in such figures as she uses for Marg'ret Mahuntleth in "Over the Hills and Far Away":

> It was as if the mortal part of it [her face] had been beaten thin by the rains and snows of long roads, baked, like fine enamel, by many suns, so that it had a concave look—as though hollowed out of mother o' pearl. Some faces gather wrinkles with the years, like seamed rocks on mountains, others only become, like stones in a brook, smoother, though frailer, in the conflicting currents. Marg'ret's was one of these.

Her country folk are like that: not embittered or crippled or stupefied by their bondage to the earth, as are the characters of so many "close-to-the soil" novels; they are gnarled and kindly as apple-trees.

The unfinished "Armour Wherein He Trusted," which occupies about half of the book, is in a different vein. It is a novel of the Welsh Marshes in the reign of William Rufus. For this, of course, it was necessary to invent a style, if twentieth-century diction was felt to be inappropriate, for actual pre-Chaucerian English was of course impossible. Miss Webb has invented a manner that is a strange and fascinating compound of the romantic archaism of Malory and the modernist vividness of Naomi Mitchison's historical novels. Thus the hero, in a vision, hears a voice:

> Foxes bin safe in earth, martlets bin hid in sand-hole, but the bright lordling of Eternity and His Mother have no lodging. . . . Who will ride along of me to win back their litel house in Galilee for the lordling Christ and His Mother? They bin so tired, dear folk, and their feet hurt, and they cry in the night.

The manner is so self-conscious as to be occasionally distracting, but on the whole its effect is to give an artificial clarity and intensity, like that of stained glass or enamel.

As it stands, "Armour Wherein He Trusted" is a complete and satisfying story, the story of a decision. Yet there are tantalizing hints of what was to follow. There is the Welsh heroine, who is of elfin blood and whose castle of Betwixt-and-Between was the last stronghold of faeries to withstand King Arthur the Christian, what was her part to be? And there are enough other anticipations to make one long for the rest of the tale. Those of us who are so perverse as to enjoy "Edwin Drood" more than "David Copperfield," and "Weir of Hermiston" than "The Master of Ballantrae," will take delight in "Armour Wherein He Trusted."

THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18. By M. G. EBERHART. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Room 18 in the new wing of St. Ann's Hospital is no longer in use; it has a bad reputation since three murdered corpses were removed from it successively during the same week. The three crimes were all connected, it was thought, and the suspects seemed to be limited to a small group of people in and about the hospital.

Through the eyes of Miss Sarah Keate, superintendent nurse of the wing, the reader gets a straightforward account of everything that happened. And the story Miss Keate tells is one of the best of its kind that we have had the good luck to read this year. The suspense is sustained, the action is rapid, but the genuine atmosphere of the hospital and of a lot of thoroughly credible people going through a harrowing experience is skilfully preserved. And there is no hanky-panky about the evidence; Miss Keate does not withhold any clue she comes across merely to make her dénouement more thrilling. She is a model narrator. If she, and the other characters as she discloses them, bear a colorable resemblance to certain persons in the tales of Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, and if the story she is

(*Continued on page* 1030)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1028)

permitted to unfold moves at times along well worn grooves—well, nobody with the detective-story habit is going to like it or them any the less for that.

THE C. V. C. MURDERS. By KIRBY WILLIAMS. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

That perennial pair who began life as M. Dupin and his anonymous Boswell, and who had their longest single engagement as the sage of Baker Street and his half-witted companion, Dr. Watson, are invoked in this story, thinly disguised as Dr. Thackeray Place, an eminent criminologist, and his secretary, to investigate the crimes of Chicago's gangland. At once they are plunged into the customary murder mystery, and though the celebrated sleuth fumbles about with more than his customary ineptitude, he is finally aided to his solution by the progressive slaughter of his principal suspects.

The story moves swiftly and the atmosphere is convincing, though, in the end, Chicago's adepts in mass murder prove to have had nothing to do with the case, and the action might just as well take place in Keokuk. Authors of detective stories are an unenterprising lot. They cling tenaciously to the old reliable formulæ provided them by Poe and Gaboriau even when all around them the daring imagination of the racketeers is writing a new chapter in the history of crime.

THE SECRET OF MUSTERTON HOUSE. By GEORGE GRANBY. Dutton. 1929. $2.

This tale involves one of those ancient, decaying lonely English country houses certain to be haunted, containing a collection of massive plate certain to be stolen, and inhabited by one of those ancient decaying county families certain to produce at least one unsavory scandal in every generation. The thrills begin when the body of an unknown and unidentifiable man is found in the bed of the guest room in the disused wing. The mistress of the house knows more than she will say. What she knows—the dreadful secret whose disclosure might break the old colonel's heart—it is the mission of Chief Inspector Collon, a diplomatic and soft hearted Irishman from Scotland Yard, to discover. The Inspector and Colonel Licket, his host at Musterton Grange, are credible figures. One could wish that they had found their way into a less hackneyed story.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. By FRANCES HICKOK. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1929. $2.

Grisly doings at a private hospital, which begin with the murder of Dr. Dolmain, a celebrated oculist who has successfully grafted new eyes upon sightless patients, and involve the daring feats of a criminal who can see in the dark, offer a succession of creepy horrors to the reader of this book. But he must be a rapid and thoughtless reader, not to be annoyed by the gracelessness of the style and not to guess the ending before he has finished a hundred pages. It is unfortunate that in developing the story its author felt obliged to follow the accepted construction of the mystery story, a construction to which the central idea, uncannily gruesome and worthy of more original treatment, fails signally to lend itself.

THEY WERE SO YOUNG. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.

Here is a jolly good romance—the expression is used advisedly, for "They Were So Young" has just the sort of nice young British hero that inspires such expressions, and it is besides jolly as well as good.

We are asked to believe that in Central Asia, in a region where, if you are interested enough to follow up the geographical indications on the map, you will find that there is actually a desert, lies to-day a kingdom ruled over, like Sarawak, by a British royal house. The young white sultana at her accession finds her throne in danger, and of course, finds friends to help her. Then come intrigues, "underground railroads" through India, a war of cavalry charges instead of trench fighting, all the incident and color that any reader could want.

But Captain Abdullah, one may suspect, has felt something slightly ridiculous in the furious romanticism of (say) Mr. Talbot Mundy, and resolved to keep his own sense of humor about him. At all events, he writes with an engagingly light touch; indeed, one of his situations, where the heir apparent of the usurper comes to the help of the heroine against his own father because he would rather idle in Paris than rule her turbulent kingdom, might have occurred in the extravaganzas of Frank Stockton or G. A. Birmingham. There are throughout humorous touches, comments on the Russian situation, satiric hits at England and America, which make a flattering appeal to the reader's intelligence unusual in such books. A jolly good romance.

INTERLUDE. By FRANK THIESS. Translated from the German by CAROLINE FREDERICK. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

This is obviously an earlier work than "The Gateway to Life" or "The Devil's Shadow." The American publisher, however, has chosen to publish it after the later works. Consequently it comes as a disappointment after the fine portraiture and understanding of "The Gateway to Life" and the fantastic but heroic chaos of "The Devil's Shadow." In fact, "Interlude" seems puny and trivial by comparison with either of these works.

"Interlude" concerns an architect who elopes with the wife of his best friend, spends a year with her, and lets her return to her husband when he realizes that their love goes on and on, transcending the year of the affair and the years of separation that follow it.

A tenuous tale, somewhat marred by adolescent reflections on the flesh and the spirit. While it is not always convincing, it is done with a fine feeling that is at its best when the story moves through a succession of mutually tacit realizations that never find verbal expression in the lovers who experience them. This rather exquisite workmanship, however, cannot condone the frequently naïve conceptions of character or experience.

THE BOY IN THE SUN. By PAUL ROSENFELD. New York. The Macaulay Co. 1928. $2.

The style of "The Boy in the Sun" is like an intricately etched and exquisitely colored glass held between the reader and the drama of personality which Paul Rosenfeld has so minutely presented in this novel. For some, this glass will add beauty and design to the scenes enacted behind it; for others, it will merely distort and stain these scenes; but, for all, it will be there as a reality which cannot be removed or looked around. Whatever the reader comes to know of the young hero of the story can only be known through some sort of acceptance of this elaborate intermediary. At its best, the style has the fine intensity of unforgettable verse; at the other extreme, it is heavy, involved, and seemingly full of effort. But it never lets down to the restful level where one can read without a consciousness of the writing.

The subject of the book is the birth of an individual out of adolescent pleasures and pains, hereditary and environmental influences, shattering experience and baffled reasoning, humiliation and love and hate. This congeries of psychological forces, which by the end of the book is to focalize into an artist, is named "Divvy" or David. Mr. Rosenfeld's analysis of the sensitive ego attempting, at times timidly, at times belligerently, to reach some bearable relationship with the non-ego is most fully and objectively accomplished. There is no shade too light or breath too faint in his hero's personality to attract the author's attention. The novel is built upon meditative detail. Paul Rosenfeld must have known his David for many years and gone with him down many ways.

120 MILLION. By MICHAEL GOLD. New York: International Publishers. 1929. $1.50.

The attempt to combine propaganda with literature is no more successful in these short sketches by the editor of the "New Masses" than is generally the case. The great qualities of sincerity and knowledge are undoubtedly Mr. Gold's, and there are moments, as in the extraordinarily forceful and convincing "Two Mexicos," when he shows equal quality as a writer. Yet in the majority of cases he is too passionately anxious to demonstrate his hatred of capital to bother with such minor considerations as forms of expression or clarity of thought. Nevertheless, the pathos and horror do often come through by sheer weight, and few persons will be able to read "The Password to Thought" or "The Death of a Negro" without recognizing their authenticity, while such things as "Love on a Garbage Dump" were written when Mr. Gold was very, very young, and can therefore be forgiven. The "Mass Recitations" with which the book is concluded are said to be the first of their kind in English. It is difficult to believe that the form has much of a future in nominally Anglo-Saxon countries, however well adapted to Russian needs. For some reason the semi-poetic form appears to check Mr. Gold's fine frenzy of hate as well as his imagination; and these declamatory pieces are tame compared to the crude and violent, but very real, work in straight prose.

International

CHRISTIAN AND JEW. A Symposium for Better Understanding. Edited by ISAAC LANDMAN. Liveright. 1929. $3.

The problem of intolerance will remain so long as those interested in its solution continue to deplore its existence instead of attempting to find why it exists. With the exception of Hendrick Van Loon's brilliant essays on the spirit of jingoism and Jacob Wassermann's blunt declaration on the futility of mollifying the anti-Semite, this book contains nothing of value in the field of research and understanding. It is an iterative expression of sentimental good-will and superficial thinking.

Miscellaneous

POLITICS AND CRIMINAL PROSECUTION. By RAYMOND W. MOLEY. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.

Since 1921 Professor Moley has been connected as an expert with the most important crime surveys made in America. He is today one of our most reliable diagnosticians. He has professional training and a sense of values which the quack doctors do not possess. It would be well if more cities and states would consent to say "Ah" to him and his like and would follow their prescriptions, instead of trying to cure serious ailments with remedies sold over cart-tails by political medicine-men.

The purpose of his book, "Politics and Criminal Prosecution," which is written for laymen as well as for professional men, is "the study of the American prosecutor's office as it operates under the political influences to which it is exposed." The book contains interesting and carefully annotated discussions of the position of the prosecutor, the sheriff, the coroner, the grand jury and the trial jury in the prosecution of crime and the effect of politics on them. It closes with a brief description of the ways in which England and Canada have improved on our methods of prosecution and a chapter of "Reflections Upon Reform," the last not as happy as the author wishes they could be.

When the book is finished one agrees with Professor Moley that criminal prosecution is ridden with politics. Allowing for the fact that conclusions from statistics must be "tentative, personal, and, we hope, subject to revision," too large a proportion of criminal cases are disposed of before trial. The mortality tables seem to show that about one in five arrested are finally sentenced for the crime charged. The prosecuting attorney appears to be customarily a completely political official, immature and with an eye to political preferment in rural counties, more mature and even more politically-minded in the cities. His "medieval colleague," the sheriff, holds an office which "has slowly approximated a profitable but worthless sinecure." Another relic of the middle ages, the coroner, should be supplanted by competent medical examiners as in Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York City, for example. The grand jury is happily passing into relative unimportance. The trial jury, itself so plainly on trial today, is vanishing. And in place of the processes of criminal justice which we laymen naïvely believe to be in operation we now appear to have what Professor Moley calls "justice by compromise," which does not impress the reader as being Justice of the goddess-like quality.

Poetry

MOUNTAIN AGAINST MOUNTAIN. By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $1.50.

Mr. Ficke's new poems do not rise above, nor indeed often rival, those of his younger years. Poets with Mr. Ficke's more or less limited and imperfect technique do well to shun the pitfalls of unrhymed verse, whether *blank* or *free*. The unrhymed measures expose more ruthlessly a poet's weaknesses of style than do the tighter and more safe and binding forms of rhymed verse. So it is that Mr. Ficke's long opening poem, "Paris 1917," and his long closing poem "The Return of Christ" both exhibit a commonplaceness of style, an absence of all literary and rhetorical distinction, that naturally do not compensate for their lack of poetic interest, imaginative beauty, and power. For the rest we have here a pleasant afterglow of romantic nineteenth century rumination—but not the rough vitality and individuality of Thomas Hardy, nor the rich technique, nor exquisitely personal idiom of Robert Bridges or Walter de la Mare.

It does not really matter whether what Mr. Ficke has to say is a variation on the themes of the 'nineties or not—it is enough that his work lacks the conscious beauty of a deliberate and distinguished style which alone could endow his emotion, however poignant or profound for himself, with validity for the common reader.

Religion

THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE: By C. H. DODD. New York: Harper and Bros. 1929. $3.

This volume is one of a series called The Library of Constructive Theology, a name indicative of the purpose to rebuild the faith of today on a foundation of experience in place of dogma. The decay of biblical authority in the magical sense of an infallible book makes imperative a demonstration of the age-long advance of the human spirit toward an apprehension of God in history of which the writings of Old and New Testaments are the expression. Professor Dodd, whose chair at Oxford is that of New Testament Greek and Exegesis at Mansfield College, a scholar whose volume "The Meaning of Paul for Today" has made him favorably known as respects both scholarship and religious spirit, shows how a new and better founded authority attaches to the Bible when approached by the historical method. Students seeking a trustworthy basis for such reconstruction of the Doctrine of Sacred Scripture as modern criticism demands will find this volume of Professor Dodd both sound and serviceable. It leads to a rational interpretation of the doctrine of progressive divine revelation.

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY. By ARTHUR WILFORD NAGLER. New York: The Abingdon Press. 1929. $3.

Dr. Nagler is Professor of Church History in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., which leads us to expect a high standard of work. His history is a student's handbook rather than a scholar's thesaurus, and has the qualities of terse and lucid statement which should characterize such a work. Perhaps its best claim to originality lies in its division of the subject into two parts: (1) an outline of the story from the beginnings of Christianity down to the present day; (2) a series of studies of different aspects of Christianity as seen in its historical development. The institutions of the Church of today receive thus an interpretation such as only their historical development can convey.

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Printing for Children

By CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

I LISTENED the other day to a talk on the printing of books for children, given by an expert on education, and as I heard the bizarre suggestions which were made, I thought that perhaps after all it is as well that the matter is in the hands of the printers and not of the psychologists, in spite of the absurd and dispiriting books which they produce! It is perhaps a little unfortunate that printing is no longer a "mystery"; that every author knows that there is such a unit of measurement as a "point," that every crossword puzzle fan has "ems" and "ens" at his pencil tip. These technical designations, necessary in the every day work of the printing-office, are almost meaningless when taken by themselves, and their ignorant use leads to stupid and absurd requests and comments. When the educator's talk came to an inconclusive close, I decided to put down for the editor of "The Children's Bookshop" some of my own ideas on the printing of children's books—just to be a good sport and give the psychologists an opportunity to answer back.

How the elders delight to tinker with children's lives! Child labor laws protect the child against industrial exploitation—may it not be necessary some day to protect him against progressive education and organized recreation? Meanwhile, his reading has become the subject of a good deal of fervid attention on the part of publishers, illustrators and parents, some actuated by moral, scientific or "patriotic" motives, some by motives quite frankly commercial. The one approach to the problem of the physical appearance of children's books which I think has the most validity does not seem to have been often or seriously considered—that is, the æsthetic approach.

Æsthetics is perhaps the last subject to engage attention here in America. Our poverty in this respect is open to all to see: our materialism, our callous disregard of beauty in building, our weird preoccupation with motor cars, radio, and mechanical contraptions of all sorts from refrigerators to talking moving-pictures, our distrust of imaginative work in the arts, our mass movements in fads and isms. All of these things taken together or separately matter little if we really wish to live decent lives, not merely busy ones. Decent living we wish for our children, and spend energy and money to try to achieve it. Yet the best incentive to decent living for our children and eventually for all persons is to see to it that all the objects which our children see, use or live with, are good and lovely in themselves, and adapted to their purposes. It is because the scientific approach so blindly ignores the appeal of beauty that its dicta have so little weight with the artist, are so often barren of spiritual accomplishment.

I want to suggest in connection with children's books that the æsthetic approach is better than the scientific, and in order to do so I shall suggest a few ways in which such books may be considered by the printer and by the purchaser. This is not to say that there need to be antagonism between the scientific way and the æsthetic, but that the exclusively scientific way is one-sided. I shall be somewhat vague, I fear, just because it is as difficult to be dogmatic in æsthetics as it is dangerous to be so in science.

The first thing which should engage the attention of the builder of a child's book is the matter of size. Children are small persons: their playthings are reduced models of their parents' tools and utensils. So the child's book should, in general, be smaller than his parents'. At times they should even be tiny. Little hands like little things. And right here we bump into an exasperating situation: the book-seller, the publisher and the grown-up buyer prefer the large book for purely mercenary and selfish reasons. However, since this essay is not intended to coddle the merchant or the psychologist or the parent, there is nothing to do but to observe that I am not interested in profits or in self-esteem, but in the right printing of children's books.

Not all books can be small. A tiny atlas is almost a contradiction in terms. Picture books, especially books of views, must sometimes be large. But such books as *Voyages et Glorieuses Decouvertes des Grands Navigateurs et Explorateurs Français*—a truly glorious book—belongs in the hands of five-foot-ten grown-ups rather than in the laps of children. The point is that in general children's books should be adapted to their smaller size—should be small books.

Next, the problem of durability comes in. No book, probably, gets such abusive treatment as the child's book, and none is usually more fragile in substance. The paper should be of the best, and by this I mean that it should be largely of rags or sulphite or whatever it is which makes for durability under the wet-thumb ritual, and the fall-to-the-floor exigency. Such paper is somewhat more expensive than ordinary paper, but the increase in cost per volume is slight.

The binding of children's book should be stouter than in almost all books today. Our books are "cased," in the language of the trade, exactly like novels: every step in the binding is done at the cheapest possible price, and practically no attention is paid to the folding, sewing, glueing and casing beyond what is given to the most transitory rubbish. In the very important matter of the folding of the paper (though this is beyond the binder's control and belongs to the printer's province) unless the "grain" of the paper runs with the binding edge, the pages open stiffly, they buckle when glued, and the book does not wear well.

The covering of the book should be stout. This does not necessarily mean that cloth is the only possible material but fragile materials should never be used, no matter how alluring they are to the roving eye of the parent in the bookshop. Color, in material and stamping, is always desirable, but any design on the cover should be simple, and the stamping should be in gold or colors which will not tarnish or rub off. The modern gorgeous book jacket permits of treating the covers themselves with a decent respect for the arts of design and the permanent quality of a bound volume.

Now, as to type. Here no rule can be laid down in detail, any more than in other elements of book-making. It is absurd to say, as a great educator once did, that "Scotch Roman" is the ideal type face for children's books. It is a good type, but there are others as good or better. What these good types are is dependent on the character of the volume to be printed, and on the designers plan, but always the best type of its kind should be chosen. The result of such choice would be to avoid all types with stunted letters, all types which do not have historical validity or a definite artistic excellence, all types departing markedly from recognized letter forms in use in the English language, all types which cannot be set with the lower case letters near together (because we read by words, not by letters), all types which do not form agreeable and harmonious texture when set in pages. There is a whole body of knowledge of type which it is impossible to convey in short, perhaps impossible to convey at all, because it rests within the mind of the designer. Nevertheless there are better and worse type faces, and only those printers sensitive to the difference should be allowed to handle type.

The size of type is really not so important as is sometimes assumed. The eye adapts itself to a wide range in size of objects perceived, and I fancy that intense and prolonged application to a larger size of type is as bad for the child's eye as looking too long at a smaller size. There are certain sizes which are probably best adapted for all books—children's as well as adults'. The size known as pica or twelve-point (though this is a very imperfect designation, since it means not the size of the face of the letter but the size of the body underneath, which is never seen by the reader) is probably the best. Very large type for children's books is a fallacy: if small children need larger type it should not be in a book but on the wall in the good old-fashioned wall chart.

Type design and selection is a subtle thing, as is evident from the many thousands of type faces which have been made in the past five hundred years—hundreds and hundreds in a futile attempt to make the ideal type. What is needed in our books is beautiful, legible, unobtrusive drawing. The printer of such books must know that "Century" type, beloved of the dabbler in psycho-typography, is not a very good type face, that of the two-score type faces named "Caslon" hardly more than two or three are really good, and that certain types go better with some papers than with others.

Finally, there are the illustrations. Unfortunately, the art of drawing pictures for our American books is in a low state. There are very few persons who know how to draw, either designs or pictorial compositions. Too often sentimentality replaces imagination, sloppy impressionistic drawing does duty for that clear, sparkling brilliance of line which distinguishes such a master as, for instance, Albert Dürer.

We depend too much on the mechanics of illustration. The best possible method is wood engraving: the next best is the so-called "line block" which is closely akin to wood engraving. In either of these processes color, flat, solid, never over-lapping, can be used to extraordinary advantage. The least desirable method, and the one most frequently employed, is the half-tone block, which will all-too-faithfully reproduce the most wretched wash drawings and muddy photographs. The use of line drawings may not always be fortunate, nevertheless; much harm has been done by the complex, ill-defined Arthur Rackham style of drawing. It is on the same level as that other form of bad drawing, the comic strip. Neither is good, neither is suitable for book illustration.

The designer of children's books should plan for simple, definite effects, avoiding sentimentality, haziness, over-elaboration, and, above all, ugliness in all forms. A friend of mine said the other day that Dürer in his drawing never forgot the "market"—he made pictures to sell. That may be true, and it is indubitable that our book printers must remember the market. But in Dürer's day the market had not become the transcendent force which it is today, bending all the effort of everyone during every day, to its glorification. Such a condition is abnormal, and cannot last. The market is an inglorious thing. What must dominate in the printing of children's books is not the market but imagination, intelligence and the love of beauty.

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Reviews

KULLU OF THE CARTS. By JOHN EYTON. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. STEVENS

THIS is a story that has the aroma of "Kim" and the "Jungle Books," for the author knows his north country as well as Kipling and succeeds in making the scene as redolent of India as a dish of curry. Kipling, however, might have thought twice before making a Eurasian boy his central figure. Drew, or "Durrov," is a throw-back to some dark-skinned ancestor, much to the mortification of his fair-haired sisters. He himself much prefers the native life, and on the eve of being sent away to a boarding school "for the sons of European gentlemen" joins a procession of native carts. On the cart which he has selected for refuge he finds a native boy, Kullu, with whom he strikes up a perfect friendship and spends a heavenly day. That night, alas, he is overtaken by his father's servant and carried back in his sleep to his own bed.

The next day he is bundled off to the school, where he is acutely miserable. By the way, there must be some British boarding schools where the traditions of brutality to a new boy have faded into something more civilized! This school, however, is no exception. Meantime, "our hero," little Kullu, has tracked his friend to the school and helps him to escape at a critical moment of persecution. The narrative ends with the two chums happily reunited, hidden safely from the school and parental authorities. A grown-up reader may reflect that although the book ends happily at that point, in real life there would be a sequel not so romantic.

Kullu and Drew are well drawn, and the scenes of their adventures are vividly done. For a boy reader, however, there are passages of description, both of the outdoor and the interior of Drew's mind, which spin out rather long. For a boy the action of a story is the thing, and here he has just time to get interested in the two friends when the book comes to an end. Perhaps in another book Mr. Eyton will tell what happened next.

THE STORY OF FIRE. By WALTER HOUGH. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by LAURA M. BRAGG
Director, Charleston Museum

THE middleman and the retailer are pre-eminently established in our economic life, yet here and there a business firm achieves a substantial success on the direct-to-the-consumer principle. Knowledge of the sciences, natural and social, is usually transmitted to the girl or boy reader through a middleman writer. Such an author may know how to write for children better than does the scientist, but he seldom speaks with the authority of first-hand knowledge. "The Story of Fire" by Walter Hough, the head of the Department of Anthropology of our Smithsonian Institution, is a direct-to-the-girl-and-boy book. Dr. Hough is an authority and writes as such. Quite pleasantly, also, he frequently remembers that he is writing for youth—at times he is even convinced that his readers are aged eight or ten and talks to them in that friendly, elderly way we have with other peoples' children. The exigencies of his subject, however, discourage continuous converse with the eager eyes of childhood. When he becomes involved in the discussion of oil pressure, draught, cylindrical wick, or continuous current he undoubtedly sees before him the high school boy in his first term of physics, just as Christmas is about to bring him the Popular Science Monthly.

But Dr. Hough's vacillation matters not at all; rather it extends the range of his readers. As a perfectly grown up child, I read the little book twice, not for the sake of telling "The Children's Bookshop" about it, but for interest in the story it develops: How fire came to us—Lights in the night—The coming of cattle and the candle—Lamps that light history—Electricity gives us light—Savage cooks—The kettle boils and the fire goes out—Onward to matches—Clay hardens in the fire—Fire grasps iron—The age of steel.

After the second reading, I turned "The Story of Fire" over to the department of my museum, which fosters a Lighting Exhibit, with the suggestion that an agreement be reached; if discrepancies between book and exhibit were discovered, the changes to be made preferably, as well as necessarily, in the exhibit. Later the little book will rest on the library shelves of the Museum's Girls' and Boys' Room.

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From THE SATURDAY REVIEW:

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From a Polish Scholar in THE BOSTON HERALD:

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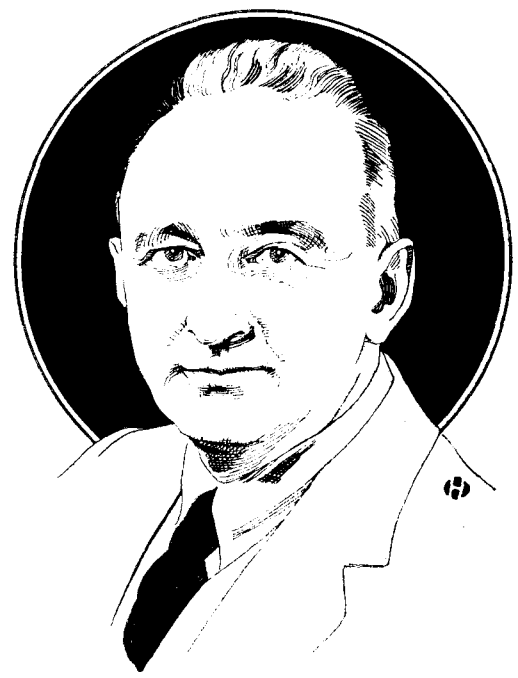
About the Author

Eric P. Kelly is a New Englander whose devotion to Poland dates from his relief work in 1918 with the Polish legions in France. Once a newspaper man, he is now a professor of English at Dartmouth, among his courses being one in Slavic backgrounds of literature. He was appointed by the Kosciusko Foundation to teach and study at the University of Krakow, 1925-26.

The plot of the book grew out of the darkness of Polish winter nights, with the ancient trumpet song sounding each hour from the tower of The Church of Our Lady Mary.



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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW YORK

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THE Tomahtoes incident is by no means closed. W. F., South Bend, Indiana, contributes this footnote to history:

I never did know just how tomahtoes was introduced into Wyoming before, but the way it happened was so similar to the christening of H'leena in Montana, at which I assisted, that I thought you might like the story.

It was in the smoking car of a Northern Pacific train toward the end of April, 1912 —in those bad old pre-prohibition days—a big fellow who claimed he was the best hard-rock miner in the whole Cœur d'Alene country, wanted to know what the next town was. Someone told him it was Helena.

"You mean H'leena," says Karns. "I know I'm only a hard-rock miner, but I just shepherded three cars of sheep back to the cities, and I'm on my way back—and none of the sheep are—so I know more than a sheep anyway."

A quiet man spoke up and says, "If you get off the train there and say H'leena, you'll get shot."

"Maybe shot at," said Karns. "I've been shot at before. This is a free country, isn't it, and this is all the whiskey I've got. I had six quarts when I left Moorehead and you can see this bottle isn't half full. I'm fuller than it is. I've got to get off at H'leena."

Just then a porter called out, "Ellna, Ellna."

"H'leena," yelled Karns. "Boys, have a drink. Well, then I'll drink it myself. There is plenty more in H'leena." As he came down the steps he called out "H'leena" a couple of times, not too loud, but defiantly. He had just swallowed the last of his baggage, so he insisted on helping me check mine at the station. He stuck to me like a leech. We started uptown—walking. I thought a walk would be good for him. It is a mile or more up to the gulch where most of the town is.

A grocery wagon came along going our way, a long, open, one-horse springwagon it was. Karns ran out in the street and yelled and waved his arms—the boy stopped —we climbed in. Karns stood up—I sat with my feet hanging down behind. Then he began to scream, louder each time, "H'leena, H'leena," and just kept it up. It scared the horse and the boy, too—and away we went—that street was an undeveloped part of the Rocky Mountains then—bounce —"H'leena"—bounce. I rolled over and dropped off, and made for the walk.

And do you know that as far as I could see them, that man stood up in the wagon yelling "H'leena" at the top of his voice. No one even shot at him. I expect they thought he was intoxicated.

THE call for more light on falconry has been answered first by G. G. R., Lexington, Mass., who told me of an article in the *National Geographic Magazine,* December, 1920, "The Sport of Kings," by Louis Agassiz Fuentes, and then by *A. S., Springfield, Mass.,* who sent me the article, which after perusal I will forward to the inquirer in Ponce, Porto Rico, if she will send me the address for mail. It is a little book in itself, describing actual present-day experiences with a little about history; forty-one pages, twenty-eight large pictures, twelve in colors. I have at last learned that a "hooded falcon" actually wears a hood, a sort of *cloche* with a tuft on top, very modish save that instead of covering only one eye, as lately on Fifth Avenue, it hoodwinks both.

I thought we were to have had a guide to hawking by an expert of the grand period, but when "Le Ménagier de Paris" (c. 1393) was put into English this year for the first time, as "The Goodman of Paris," by Eileen Power (Harcourt), the third section, a treatise on falconry, was omitted as "somewhat technical and of less interest to the general public." "The Goodman of Paris" is one of the books for which you feel that orisons should be uttered, books you have read about and from which you have read quotations all your life, always so charming that you greet with a whoop the original complete work. "The Goodman of Paris" is a handbook on how to behave before God, man, and the neighbors, written by a sixty-year-old burgher for the guidance of his fifteen-year-old bride. I do not pity that bride at all, and for all Katherine Mayo might say, I rather think most married women would envy her. The "Ménagier" was such an understanding soul, stepping so sturdily in his sturdy right-mindedness; any inexperienced woman would have been glad to let him walk on ahead and show the way. He was well aware that he was training the young lady for his successor, and meant her to be a credit to his training, so after a section on church and personal devotions, one of the simplest and most sincere of guides to religion, he takes her through social entertainments, gardening on a great scale (this part should give the book a Long Island sale), various arts and crafts, and every department of household activity, including a vast amount of detailed instruction in cookery. He speaks to the point on everything. "Prayer without devotion," says he, "is a messenger without letters." If he gives careful instruction on how to preserve her second husband's health, he points out that it would be too much for her, having lost the Ménagier, to lose him, too. So he gives her advice on how to welcome a tired husband home on a cold wet night, such as Beatrice Fairfax at her best never bettered.

Since the Middle Ages are on the Guide's carpet, another interesting document of the period has just been put into English and published for the use of the general public. This is the *Compendium Universitatis Parisensis* of Robert Goulet (1517), translated as the "Compendium of the Magnificence of the University of Paris" by Robert Belle Burke (University of Pennsylvania). It is an account of its rules, organization, courses of study, and living conditions, and anyone interested either in this time of the world or in the history of college life, will be glad of the beautifully printed little volume.

H. R. L., Bayonne, N. J., asks for a list of the works of Ben Hecht now in print. "Erik Dorn" is in the Modern Library, "The Florentine Dagger" is published by Liveright; so is "Count Bruga," "Gargoyles," and "Humpty Dumpty." "1001 Afternoons in Chicago" and "Broken Necks" are published by Covici, also "The Kingdom of Evil." His plays with Kenneth Goodman are "The Hero of Santa Maria" and "The Wonder Hat" (Stage Guild), the latter also in a volume of their plays published by Appleton. His latest stage success, "The Front Page," written with Chas. McArthur, is published by Covici.

It quite made me blink to come upon the quotation in Mr. Morley's column from the gentleman in Virginia who said that what this country needed was five thousand more Mrs. May Lamberton Beckers. I feel immensely uplifted and a trifle dizzy. Dear me, how times have changed since mother's chief comfort was that I was not twins.

I would have come upon the statement sooner had I not been caught in the last whirl of getting a book to press. My delay, however, enables me to present Mr. Morley with a "trade-last," which came in the *Reader's Guide* mail this week, along with a question from *E. D. S., Jr., Geneseo, N. Y.* "I hope," says he, "that some day when a future Sinclair Lewis draws his exact pictures of American life that his 'Babbitt' may be a picture of a man who closely resembles Morley the man. I happen to be fortunate to live near Mr. Morley and to have observed him swimming, sailing, and teaching his children to swim. Mr. Morley to me is a combination of the vagabondia of Whitman, the humor of Twain, the love of adventure found in McFee. I like the man; his ability is for abler critics to propound."

Lest suspicious readers of this exchange of compliments of our respective clients think that there may be some team-work going on, I assure them I have not seen Mr. Morley since the season opened in Hoboken.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 60. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing original sonnet built around the following rhyme words—dust, horse, course, must, mistrust, source, force, gust; speed, sides, heed, rides, steed, provides. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of June 3.)

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Points of View

Give the Child a Chance!

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for April 20, 1929, you have an article by Dorothy Canfield which offers an interesting and radical viewpoint on values in children's literature.

After the novelty of the idea has worn off, the article appears a bit absurd and quite dangerous. No, I'm not just talking—I do know something about children and their books. I have worked with them in the library. If my experience in child psychology does not extend over as long a time as does that of Miss Canfield, at least I haven't yet "forgotten what fairy stories sound like when you believe them." And I say that if Miss Canfield tried to get the child's idea she failed; if she meant to suggest a "sensible" grown-up view, she succeded only in being dangerous.

It is absurd to say that after a course in trash a child will turn with relief to decent literature. It is quite true that a child gets tired of fairy stories and turns to Motor Boat Boys, and tires of them. But he doesn't turn then to "Henry Esmond"—not if left to choose for himself. He's been reading Tom Swift; that, is, reading words and nothing else. His mind hasn't had to work at all. When he wants something older, he still wants something that he can understand without troubling to think. Tom Swift won't hurt him, but it leads to adventure and true-story magazines, and so on to such enlightening books as "Bad Girl." Once set on that track, it will take a big shove from somebody else to get him off. That's why— it is absurd to say a child will drop the Tarzan books and "glue" himself to "Red Rust."

And it's dangerous to say it because heaps of grown-ups are going to follow Miss Canfield's scheme. Their children will grow up mental jelly fish, blissfully unaware that "high-brow" books have something real in them. Probably the article is based on an actual case in the experience of the writer. The child in question was without doubt in a cultured environment, where good taste and a sensitive niceness were preëminent. There are many homes without this atmosphere.

Miss Canfield says that after a course in trash a child turns with delight to decent books. I say he won't of his own accord. But I don't advise trying to hide the trash from him. He'll get it anyhow, and it might as well be openly. He doesn't want classics, if you refer to "Westward Ho" and "Lorna Doone." But he will be keen for "Treasure Island" and "Robinson Crusoe." I can name several Boy Scout books that aren't trash. He'll like them just as well as the trashy ones! It won't hurt him to read trash if he knows that it is trash, *and* if he is getting something else as well. The boy in Miss Canfield's article would never have loaned "Henry Esmond" if it hadn't been under his nose all his life.

When a child is tired of fairy tales, and folk stories, and myths, give him a child's version of "Siegfried" and "Roland" and "Le Cid." Few children will refuse "Arthur" and "Robin Hood." These old romances have a semi-historical background and lead a child from one country to another. Historical stories naturally come next. "Master Skylark," "The White Cockade," and "The Scarlet Pempernel" are grand and exciting. They are not trash. And there are many stories supposedly for grown-ups that the children have adopted as their own. "Two Years Before the Mast" and "Last of the Mohicans" are good examples. Also, Stevenson, Graham, Masefield, Lägerlof, Pyle, Spyri are writers that are very popular with children. After one of Pyle's pirate stories, who wants to read Tom Swift?

By this time a child's interests are definitely developed. Let him read what he wants. If it is baseball, let him have baseball stories. If he really likes baseball, he'll enjoy Babe Ruth's book. It's reasonably well written, and has a lot of solid information in it. If a child finds a few of the good ones around, he'll be disgusted with the others. He'll ask for more good ones—but he won't do it unless he's had a few samples first. It doesn't take any more time or energy to have good books around, than to have the others. Give a child a chance, and his latent good taste will develop. But, *give him a chance!*

Sincerely yours,
HELEN DIX,
Children's Librarian.
Patchogue, N. Y.

Defending "Old Pybus"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

How long has *The Saturday Review* with all its pomp and prestige been encouraging reviewers who are in the habit of striking down venerable old men and being rotten-headed enough to class their cowardice as justifiable homicide?

For sheer brutality, Robert B. MacDougall's criticism of "Old Pybus" in the issue of December 8th, eclipses anything I have ever read in the way of a review.

In the person of John Pybus, Mr. Deeping, that honest humanitarian, has given the reading world a grand old man—a man whose deep learning, peerless philosophy, and noble stoicism have won for him a legion of admirers, as the ever soaring sale of the novel alone will testify. A best seller in every sense of the meaning, and the ranting reviewer after his ineffectual attempt to bruise the book shamefacedly admits that he cannot account for its success, remarking weakly as it were that perhaps "the most discouraging function of the commentator on literature is to explain the success of an 'Old Pybus'!"

But it is not so difficult to understand the reason for the reviewer's verbal assault and battery on John Pybus and his creator. For it is perfectly obvious that he hates any reading that bears the stamp of sentimentality. Under the caption "A Sentimental World" he proceeds to bare his teeth to Deeping, labelling him as a producer of hollow moralities rather than a novelist, and sneers at his desertion to the camp of the sentimentalists, whom he accuses, minus the slightest bit of evidence, of glorifying wrong motives for decent conduct.

Thereupon, he blasphemes the rare friendship that springs up between Grandfather Pybus, a real bookfellow, and Lance, his grandson, who aspires to become a great writer, claiming that said friendship is built on sloppy thinking and living. "Books don't as a rule produce motor cars"—"Criticism is one of the most difficult drugs to swallow"—"The margin between wit and cheapness is very fine"—"One has to bolt oneself down. There is a sort of selfishness in a craft"—"Yes, but don't bolt yourself in." These snatches of conversation among other fine bits from the talks of the youth and his guiding grandfather can hardly be termed as sloppy thoughts in my opinion. And by sloppy living I suppose that the reviewer has reference to charming Castle Cottage, where Grandfather Pybus is king—the ruler over a flock of pigeons and a garden of rose petunias and purple asters; sentimental surroundings, which must have proved sour, to say the least, to the literary taste of our critic.

Then, further on, Mr. Reviewer scoffs at the idea of Lance's father, introduced at the beginning of the narrative as a successful business man who has not been altogether ethical in acquiring his fortune, being suddenly transformed at the very end of the novel into an estimable gentleman. For one who talks so knowingly about "minor characters being inexpertly introduced and withdrawn," and dwells so pompously on other fine points of novel construction, it seems to me that that person ought to know that a character in a story doesn't stand still just as soon as the author deserts him for a few chapters. No, sir. Said character is subject to change just as much as the central figure whose every gesture is recorded. In other words, a blackguard on the first page may be rightly called a saint on the last page, even though he is not mentioned in between, for he lives through the story as well as the chief character. In the case of Lance's father I believe that the one or two years in which he is scarcely mentioned had a mellowing effect on him due to the estrangement of his son.

Among other objections Mr. Reviewer has to "Old Pybus" is that homespun philosophy clogs page after page. I say more is the credit to the writer who chooses to clog his pages in such a manner rather than with the slimy sex stuff that prevails in so many of the present-day novels.

Summing up, I contend that the *Saturday Review* criticism of "Old Pybus"—to steal a phrase from your reviewer's kit—is *plainly and simply bad!!!* As a printer might say, it is a case of "Old Pybus" badly "pied."

RUSSELL B. GRUSH.
Somerville, Mass.

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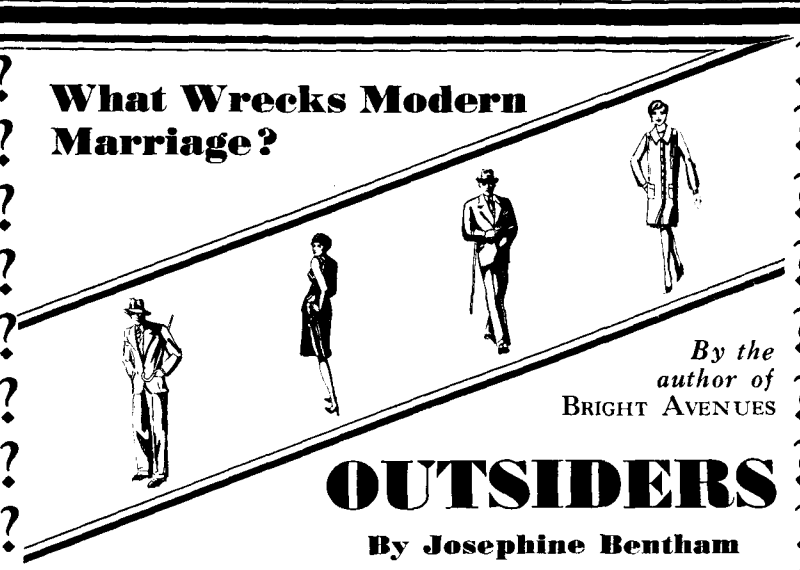

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FIFTY BOOKS—OR, GOOD OR BAD

THE exhibition of "The Fifty Books of 1929" opened at the Grolier Club on May 6, with addresses by Mr. George Parker Winship and Mr. William L. Kittredge. The books remain on exhibition for the benefit of the public, both at the Grolier Club and at the New York Public Library. A catalogue has been prepared, which gives the details of manufacture of each book.

The first impression which one gets of the books selected this year tends to add to the confusion which already exists in the plan as a whole, for there is an apparent preponderance of illustrated books, or, at all events, the volumes are opened to the illustrations as they rest in the cases. This effect may be only apparent, but it would seem to make the task of the jury selecting the Illustrated Books more difficult. The already existing confusion, alluded to above, has to do with the question of "trade" books and "fine printing" in the same collection. The show never was a choice of the fifty *best printed* books, because any jury so choosing would find that it had either confined the selections to a few leading producers, or had allowed personal ideas of what is "best" to predominate. So the choice is of "fifty books," with a somewhat meaningless and nebulous criterion to base the selection on. It is, therefore, idle to consider the omissions or the inclusions: to ask why certain books were or were not placed in the show. One is thrown back upon the not unfair necessity of judging the books on their own merits as printed books, using as a measuring rod not a comparison with other books of the year, but what one regards as fundamentals of good book printing.

Of the most ambitious project included this year—the Malahide Boswell books—we have had our say in this column before, my colleague and I. In brief, that conclusion is that the scheme as a publishing scheme has very serious flaws, but that the books themselves are very handsomely conceived and executed.

The supremacy of Mr. Updike and Mr. Rogers in American typography does not seem to be even threatened as these successive exhibitions take place. Mr. Updike's "Lady Louisa Stewart" I have already mentioned in this column: it is a very beautiful example of typography. The open pages of "Egyptian Literature," done for the Metropolitan Museum, are well-nigh perfect in color, proportion, and readable quality. The "Form of Consecration for St. George's Chapel" (already noted) is, despite a somewhat uncomfortable title-page, a delectable piece of ritualistic printing. The nearest competitor to the typographical sophistication of Rogers and Updike is the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco, represented here by three numbers. The book called "Around the Horn in '49" has a very fine title-page; it is surprising to find so thoroughly bad a type face used in the text. The "Maundeville" is a noble and successful piece of typography, done in an unusual semi-black letter from a German foundry. Whatever is best in the traditional way of doing books raises the work of these three presses or designers to the top, accompanied by occasional small triumphs by other printers. He who would do fine printing will usually find that Mr. Rogers has been before him in idea as Mr. Updike has been in handling type! Having two living masters certainly has a depressing effect on those who would use traditional types in conventional ways as is apparent from an inspection of the other books of the same general type in this exhibition. Not that there is lacking a healthy trial of variety in the use of the "accepted" type faces; the work of the Grabhorns and the Harbor Press and Mr. Nash's well-done rule work evidences that, while at the same time it makes clear that they succeed or fail as they more closely approximate the work of the two masters.

The other side of the shield is no more inspiriting in this year's show. What of the printers who have frankly broken with traditionalism, and gone out to get results in a new way? Well, there aren't any, so far as I can see! Take the title-pages: "The Boy Who Was" has simply a violently distorted handling of type, "Elizabeth and Essex" (a very successful book as a whole) begins to be different, with the grand spread of the title (six words) occupying two-thirds of the page, and "The Scarlet Letter" pretty nearly achieving a new note—the only successful attempt at "something different" in the show.

The fact is that when American designers try to get away from traditionalism, they produce work which is timid, indifferent, innocuous, and still reminiscent! There isn't, I believe, one single competent typographer in this country to do modernistic book work. There is occasionally a hint at brave work in the advertising field, but where is the "modernistic" book? Since there are no designers competent to do modernistic books, nor printing-offices equipped to do such work, we have no modern books in this exhibition. I hope that in the course of time we may develop a designer who can do such work, with a printing-office where his designs may be carried out.

It is interesting to note that of the designers represented in this year's show, Mr. W. A. Dwiggins is credited with four books. It is, as Mr. Winship pointed out, a "Dwiggins year." One of his books, "America Conquers Death," is one of the best exhibits in the show. Here Mr. Dwiggins has taken entire charge of the title-page, and achieved a really fine thing. "Paraphs," too, is very handsome, though the type is only ordinary.

There are thirty-one designers represented this year, with individual scores of from one book to four (four designers having four each). The printing-houses represented have from one to seven books each, and twenty-five printers are listed. About one-half of the books are "trade" editions. The Jury this year consisted of David Silve, George Parker Winship, and Mrs. Sherman Haight.

R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

SOTHEBY & COMPANY. May 13th. The Gosse Library, Part 5. Catalogue of works in English literature, with some manuscripts and autograph letters, forming the final portion of the library of the late Sir Edmund Gosse. The collections of John Donne and Jeremy Taylor, and the R. L. Stevenson letters and pamphlets, form the most distinctive and unusual items in this concluding section. Of Donne, there is a presentation copy of the "Pseudo-Martyr," London, 1610; one of the two perfect copies listed in the S. T. C. of "The First Anniversarie: an Anatomie of the World," London, printed by A. Mathewes for Tho: Dewe, 1621; the six volumes of sermons; one of the three known manuscript copies of the "Metempsychosis" (about 1632); "Deaths Dvell," London, 1632; and the second edition of "Ivvenilia, or Certain Paradoxes and Problems," 1632; of Stevenson, several intimate letters; the "Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," 1875; "Testimonials in Favour of Robert Louis Stevenson" [Edinburgh, 1881]; "Rob and Ben," plates 1 and 3 [Davos-Platz, 1882]; "Moral Emblems," 1882; "A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers," with a presentation verse of four lines; "The Graver and the Pen"; four publishers' announcements from S. L. Osbourne & Company 1882; "Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer," 1887; and presentation copies from R. L. S. and William Ernest Henley of their plays, "Admiral Guinea," Edinburgh, 1884, "Macaire," 1885, and "Deacon Brodie," 1888; of Jeremy Taylor, "Sermon Preached in Saint Maries Church in Oxford," 1638; "A New and Easie Institution of Grammar," London, 1647, the first copy to appear at auction since 1908; "Discourse Concerning Prayer Extempore" and "The Liberty of Prophesying," 1647; "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living," first London edition, 1651, and "Holy Dying," 1651; "The Real Presence and Spirituall of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament," 1654; "The Golden Grove, or A Manual of Daily Prayers and Litanies," 1655; and "The Worthy Communicant," 1660. The other, more important volumes are: Samuel Daniel, "Delia. Contayning certayne Sonnets: with the complaint of Rosamond," London, 1592; Dryden, "Religio Laici," 1682; Thomas Lodge, "Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse," London, 1596; Tennyson, "The Sailor Boy," 1861, and the "Ode on the Opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition," 1886; Roger Tisdale, "The Lawyers Philosophy," 1622; and presentation copies of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," 1893, and the Paris edition of "Salomé," 1893.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts which, every year, selects fifty books published in all parts of this country as representatives of the highest standards of printing, has for 1928-1929 chosen four designed by Mr. Carl Purington Rollins. It will be remembered that, in 1925, Mr. Rollins received the Institute's Special Medal of Award for his work in connection with Miss Caroline Hazard's "Anchors of Tradidition." The four volumes appearing in this year's exhibition are: "Thomas Hardy: Catalogue of a Memorial Exhibition," compiled by Richard L. Purdy, of the Department of English, Yale College, and issued for the Yale University Library; Miss G. M. A. Richter's "Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks," and W. M. Robinson, Jr.'s "The Confederate Privateers," both published by the Yale University Press; and Thoreau's "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," designed and printed by Mr. Rollins himself at the Sign of the Chorabates, his private press.

Sotheby & Company. May 23 and 24. Hebrew Books and Manuscripts. These include a commentary on the Talmudhic Tractate Hullin of the 12th-13th century, apparently the lost Commentary of Moses Maimonides; several early manuscripts of the Code of Maimonides, and of Commentaries on the Pentateuch; the exceedingly rare Mahzor, Festival Prayers according to the Ashkenazzi use (the "Nuremberger Mahzor"), with marginal annotations in an Italian hand of the 16th century, Salonica, 1550 (?); and an imperfect copy, printed on vellum, of the first edition of the Old Testament, Venice, 1491.

G. M. T.

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Notes

THE Roxburghe Club of San Francisco have issued a hitherto unpublished portrait of John Keats, done from the life mask by Mr. Virgil Nahl, a San Francisco artist. Eighty copies have been printed (by lithography?) by Messrs. Johnck, Kennedy and Farquhar for the members of the Club.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS'S complete extant works are to have a new setting in an edition issued this spring by Covici-Friede. The translation will be by Samuel Putnam, and there will be a critical text, variorum readings and notes, and drawings attributed to Rabelais. The edition will be in three volumes, limited to 1500 copies. Thirteen hundred will contain full-page illustrations by Jean de Bosschère and two hundred will be illustrated by Alexander King—a novelty in limited editions. In form the books will be large quartos.

R.

POEMS from the Ranges, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and published by Gelber-Lilienthal, San Francisco, comes as a good specimen of the careful, workmanlike printing of the Grabhorn Press. It is set in Deepdene type, and printed on handmade paper in an edition of 500 copies (50 signed). Some of the poems have appeared in magazines, but this is the first appearance in book form. There is a symbolic frontispiece from a woodblock cut by Ray Boynton. If any fault were to be found with the printing, it would be that the type and handling are too sophisticated for the subject matter, but I think it yet to be proven that type should reflect the mood of the writer.

R.

Harvard's Gift

Harvard, it has been announced recently, is, this year, to give rare books—presentation copies, private press and illustrated books—to all men who received Summa Cum Laude degrees last spring, or who made the first group in 1927-1928. The policy of suiting the volumes to the student's particular field of interest has been done away with in favor of works possessing general bibliographical importance. To any one who in the past received such exciting gifts as "Selections from Sir Walter Scott" in limp leather, or "Old English Country Inns," the news will be especially interesting, since nothing could have been worse, or more annoying, than the old custom of selecting prize books chiefly on the basis of their bindings.

G. M. T.

By an unfortunate error the title of Mr. Morley Callaghan's new book of short stories, "A Native Argosy" (Scribner's) was misnamed in our review, printed on April 20th.

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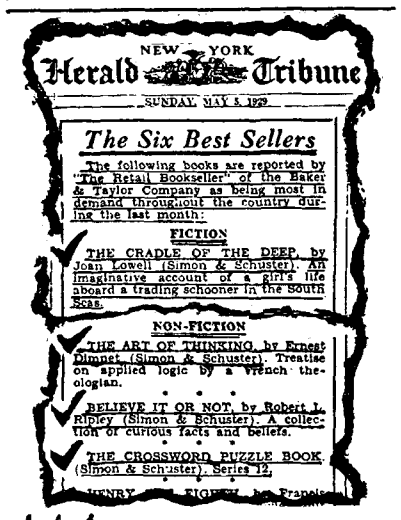
NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1929

The Six Best Sellers

The following books are reported by "The Retail Bookseller" of the Baker & Taylor Company as being most in demand throughout the country during the last month:

FICTION

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell (Simon & Schuster). An imaginative account of a girl's life aboard a trading schooner in the South Seas.

NON-FICTION

THE ART OF THINKING, by Ernest Dimnet (Simon & Schuster). Treatise on applied logic by a French theologian.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert L. Ripley (Simon & Schuster). A collection of curious facts and beliefs.

THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK, (Simon & Schuster). Series 12.

HENRY ... FIGHEY, San Francisco

Once more *The Inner Sanctum* must lead off with a best-seller list. This time the object is two-fold:

1—*To set the record straight for posterity.*

2—*To clear the field for the most active publishing month in the history of* THE INNER SANCTUM, *a month teeming with Great Literature which may never adorn a best-seller list.*

On May 16th *The Inner Sanctum* releases a new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS entitled *Wolf Solent*. In spite of advance tributes from THEODORE DREISER, EDGAR LEE MASTERS, EDWARD GARNETT, WILL DURANT, and CLARENCE DARROW comparing POWYS with HARDY, DOSTOIEVSKY, and ANATOLE FRANCE [to mention only a few], your correspondents themselves still take special pains to speak of the book with measured restraint. There are books above the battle, books beyond best-sellerdom, and with homage that approaches reverence *The Inner Sanctum* ventures to predict that to the winged mind and the comprehending heart *Wolf Solent* will be one of these.

But that is only the beginning of a Spring publishing program that sets a new high mark for *The Inner Sanctum*.

On May 29th, to celebrate the third anniversary of *The Story of Philosophy*, WILL DURANT's new book will be released. It is called *The Mansions of Philosophy—A Survey of Human Life and Destiny*, and does for the timeless and timely problems of man and metaphysics what the earlier work did for the personalities of philosophy. This is of course certain to be a best-seller but it is distinguished literature and original philosophy just the same.

On June 6th FRANZ WERFEL's new novel *Class Reunion*, appears, in a glorious translation by WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, who performed a similar service for *Bambi*. In fact, *Class Reunion* is *The Inner Sanctum's* favorite one-volume novel since *Bambi*—and that is the perfect tribute.

On June 27th the rogue elephant returns to the herd with the publication of *Trader Horn's* new book *The Waters of Africa*.

More to follow—but meantime *The Inner Sanctum* can't recall any six weeks in its history in which it gave posterity such a break. . . .

ESSANDESS

MR. AND MESSRS. DUFFIELD & CO. are receiving congratulations on the American birth of John North, whose comedies of modern life are the London vogue. Both book and publishers are doing well, thanks.

PATRICIA LACKED A LOVER

is now published, and Patricia is one to know! When life with her matter-of-fact husband, Robin, begins to pall, she naturally, runs away—in Robin's beloved car. Then.....and.....?
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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE first list of books from the new firm of Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, to be published during the summer and fall of this year, leads off with "The Wave," a new novel by *Evelyn Scott*, dealing with the Civil War. Six other fiction titles follow it, among them *Floyd Gibbons's* "The Red Napoleon," a story of a possible next world war, now running serially in *Liberty*. . . .

This firm also announces the Collected Poems of *D. H. Lawrence* and the poems of *Malcolm Cowley*, under the title "Blue Juniata." Mr. Cowley's critical work has long been notable and he has translated much from the French. His verse reflects the beauty of the Pennsylvania countryside. . . .

H. G. Wells has written a most unconventionally assembled book, a sort of glorified moving-picture scenario, in "The King who was King," which is being brought out by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

Now the booksellers will soon be in Boston and the Phoenician wishes he were going to be among them, but slavish toil keeps him anchored this next week to the New York territory. Nevertheless we pledge the booksellers in a couple of double duodecimos. And just for that, Al, shake up a couple of folio Shakesperes also, with a Rosenbach on the side! . . . .

Charles Williams, whose book, "A Myth of Shakespeare," is soon to be published by the Oxford University Press, New York, has produced a play in blank verse dealing with Shakespeare's life as given in the usually accepted biographies, from his leaving Stratford, through his meetings with Marlowe, Burbage, The Queen, Southampton, Raleigh, Mary Fitton, and many others, to his triumph, his retirement, and his last years at New Place. Without posing as a critic, or as a theorist, Mr. Williams has contrived to give a picture of the poet as he possibly lived and as he may have worked. . . .

Certain philosophers hold that machinery is enslaving us. In his "Men and Machines," (Macmillan) *Stuart Chase* relates: "One night I visited the headquarters of a great broadcasting company in New York. In a somewhat rococo room, known as a studio, I saw a fourth-rate politician shouting cheap propaganda into a microphone, filling the room, and the outside air for hundreds of miles, with a flood of gaseous, empty platitudes. In another room, not thirty feet away, I saw intricate, beautiful mechanisms for controlling the broadcasting process. Here was a great wall lined with dials, switches, flashing signal lights, instruments and connections of the utmost delicacy, which patiently and uncomplainingly took the sound waves that crashed against the microphone, refined them . . . turned them into electrical energy, and followed them like a guardian angel, fighting with monstrous elemental forces seeking to deflect or mar their passage through the ether. This, it seemed to me, was not a case of the machine failing man, but of man failing the machine." . . .

We deem worthy of publication here the following poem sent us by our old friend, *Sylvia Satan*, of Newark, N. J.:

POUND NET

Swift shapes are caught and held in this
dredge of black
Cloud-buoyed, starred on a weltering track;
Net that floats on life and time and space
Filled with faint fan-fleet things
Shimmer of dusky wings
That the dark-threaded loopings hold in
place.
This lucid flight neath ebon-tented air
Occults them out of fear and want and
care
Through drowsy webs of night that soft
encase
Opaque and trance-like face
In a long lambent tunnel, wherein fare
Roving the Net of Sleep
Captives of filmy Fence across the Deep.

The dark-flung meshes hold oblivioned
forms
Dreaming in swarms;
Children, lovers and the mystical old,
Who through the wavering woof see gleam
unfold
Of things that innocent consciousness fore-
told;
Far-off fountains
And purple mountains
Strange forests of pale-gold,
And dappled rivers, shoaled
Down to silver-sanded pools in azure places
And comradeship of strange-familiar faces.
And back and forth this shadowy errantry
Seeks pearled abode and scattered sea-shell
treasure
Tranced in some haunting memory of plea-
sure
That had no name nor limit, nor degree.

But an eternal silence laps star-trailing brim
Of Dredge-Net, staked on boundaries too
dim;
Swimmers who would pellucid bondage
flee,
By tense transparent loopholes of captivity
Are walled from outer seas' immeasurable
rim.

Stokes believe that the Continental form of binding used for the Limited Edition of *Louis Bromfield's* "Awake and Rehearse" is for the first time used in America. The case, of a silvered American vellum paper permanently affixed to the inside of the front cover only, is flush with the text all around. The leaves are cut at the top but are rough at the side and bottom. The silvered American vellum paper has probably never before been used in binding. . . .

Donald Ogden Stewart was recently on the same program at the Woman Pays Club with *Joan Lowell*. They were talking together outside the club room when a member suggested that they adjourn to the speakers' table. "Oh, no," said Mr. Stewart, "I'm waiting for *Lincoln Colcord*." Don says Miss Lowell's career has been similar to his own because during the war he was in the Navy in Chicago. . . .

The swift courier we sent over to the St. George Playhouse, on the pass sent us, has returned and reports that it is a swell little theatre. She says she liked everything about it. . . .

Speaking of Lincoln Colcord—we mentioned him above—he has come out with the statement that "Falmouth for Orders," by *A. J. Villiers*, published by Henry Holt and Company, is "as fine and faithful a book about the sea as I have read since *Morison's* "Maritime History of Massachusetts." . . .

Congratulations are due to the Modern Library on the way they have brought out *Thornton Wilder's* "The Cabala," with an introduction by *Herbert Gorman*. The new decorations on cover and backstrip seem to us highly successful. The running torch-bearer design by *Rockwell Kent* is particularly graceful and beautiful. The looks of the books of the Modern Library have certainly been improved 100%. . . .

Michael Gold has written in the May *New Masses* a "worker's recitation," "Vanzetti in the Death House," based on the published speeches and letters of Vanzetti. What powerful poetry the verbatim words make at the end of the poem, the lines only being rearranged slightly as free verse:

Yes.
Yes.
This is my career and triumph.
If it had not been for this thing,
I might have lived out my life talking at
street corners to scornful men.
I might have died unmarked, unknown,
A failure.
Sacco, we are not a failure now.
Comrade, this is our career and triumph,
Never in life could we have hoped
To do such good for the working class
As we do now by dying.
Governor Fuller, take our lives,
Lives of a good shoemaker and poor fish
peddler—
That last moment will belong to us—
That last agony is our triumph—
The workers will never forget—
Long live the Revolution!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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By

Vincent Starrett

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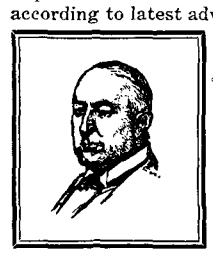

With the publication on April 13th of "The Three Just Men," which was No. 2 on the best seller list, Edgar Wallace becomes the first author in the history of American publishing to produce three successive best sellers. In February, "The Flying Squad," by Edgar Wallace, was No. 4. on the best seller list. In March, "The Twister," by this author, was No. 9 on the list of ten best sellers.

The "Murder Book of J. G. Reeder," by Wallace, (just out) promises to add a fourth to this amazingly successful series.

The NEW YORK TIMES states that Queen Mary recently bought 7 books for King George—6 of which were by Edgar Wallace.

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The Twister
The Three Just Men
Murder Book of J. G. Reeder
BY
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Some Reviews

"After reading this poignant presentation of two lives lived above the mob and afar from the melee. I feel as one who has issued from a bath of spiritual cleansing in the ichor of the gods. . . 'The Pathway' is an outstanding book; it stands out against a raucous world, steadfast, serene, proud in its own right—a subdued and spiritualized preachment for love and beauty, by an artist who is a poet masquerading in prose."—*ROBERTUS LOVE* in the *St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

"An admirably written novel."—*HARRY HANSEN* in the *New York World.*

"In my humble judgment this novel will go far in literary popularity and appreciation."—*GEORGE ANDERSON* in the *Morgantown* (W. Va.) *Dominion.*

"The ethereal exquisiteness of Henry Williamson's novel puts it beyond the bounds of ordinary criticism. . . Those discriminating readers who perceive 'tongues in trees' and 'sermons in stones', will find it intriguingly beautiful."—*The Oregon Sunday Journal* (Portland).

"A beautiful novel—quite worthy of all you have said about it."—*IDA TARBELL.*

"The most exquisite thing it has ever been my privilege to read among contemporary novels. 'The Pathway' will live because of its universal appeal—an exciting novel, and illuminated by sheer beauty."—*ELEANOR WAKEFIELD* in the *Houston Chronicle*

"One of the most beautiful novels of this or any other season."—*The Savannah* (Ga.) *Press.*

"A book to be cherished by readers who like to get off the beaten track, who are able and content to meet their authors half-way and who are on the lookout for novels which stimulate their own mental proces rather than lull them to somnolen *The Hartford Courant*

"Creators of loveliness are few; let then show our appreciation and admirati for this one by helping make his works th best sellers they deserve to be."—*St. Louis Times.*

"The most beautiful book I have read this year."—*BLOSSOM MACK* in the *Fort Myers* (Fla.) *Press*

"Fine, sensitive, poetic literature. . . Nothing so magnificent has come to me since I first learned to love Conrad."—*RODNEY CROWTHER* in the *Asheville Citizen* (N. C.).

"Refreshing, altogether charming . . . suggestive of the days when literature was literature."—*THORNTON BURGESS*

"Williamson, I think, has touched hands with the gods. You can test his book by any test and it comes out pure gold To read 'The Pathway' is a genuine enlargement of experience"—*CHARLES FINGER*

"A beautiful, sensitive novel. Williamson has a rare gift of perception and comprehension of the suggestive quality of words."—*JOHN McGINNIS* in the *Dallas News.*

"It is Mr. Williamson's supreme achievement that he has realized all his people. He has also realized his countryside, North Devon, in a way that is given to few—to the Williamsons and W H Hudsons of this world."—*JOHN CHAMBERLAIN* in the *New York Times*

"At last a competent novel comes out of the World War Henry Williamson speaks for thousands of souls who experienced in that upheaval overwhelming mental and spiritual catastrophe. . . You put down this book with its finely woven love idyll with the impression that you have known this poet and these characters for years."—*WILLIAM BEARDSHEAR* in the *Rocky Mountain News.*

"'The Pathway' is a distinguished, a notable, a singularly finegrained, deep, wise and very touching book."—*SARAH CLEGHORN.*

"It belongs to a great line of novels. I can honestly say that I have sensed in no one since Hardy, such a profound and passionate feeling for nature. . . His book is, from any angle, notable."—*The New York Sun.*

"A real experience, I now go around begging people to read it."—*WALTER PRICHARD EATON.*

"My desire to meet him comes as the direct result of reading 'The Pathway'. I was hushed by the book's utter beauty and my appreciation of every aspect of the novel was so deep and full that I feel qualified to meet and speak with the man who wrote it. Neither meeting nor wanting to meet them is a habit of mine and I feel that this occasion is so rare as to warrant attention. I already share with Mr. Williamson a love for Hardy, Shelley and Blake, so that if he should spurn mention of 'The Pathway' we would not part as enemies."—*A Typical Reader.*

"You are right about 'The Pathway.' "—*THOMAS MASSON.*

"Maddison in 'The Pathway' stands for the host of men broken and deranged by the War, men without 'prospects' who could find and could fit into no place on returning. . . Mr. Williamson has created a figure of vital interest to us all."—*EDWARD GARNETT.*

" 'The Pathway' is better than 'Tarka the Otter' The opening scenes are masterly. The dialogue is absolutely lifelike. Mr. Williamson is a creator of loveliness. His gifts are authentic, dazzling."—*ARNOLD BENNETT.*

"He has an extraordinary power of evoking a scene through his method of intimate realism. . . He misses nothing."—*LLEWELLYN POWYS.*

"So grippingly written that we live through every scene."—*La Porte* (Ind.) *Herald-Argus*

"A novel of character."—*The Auburn* (N. Y.) *Advertiser-Journal*

" 'The Pathway' is possessed of those indefinable qualities which promise it perm anence in a world in which 99 out of 100 books come and go in rap It is a work of real li *FLOYD VAN VUR Journal*

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"For those who love beautiful prose we could wish nothing much better in the season's books than this."—*The Wichita Daily Times*

"The observation and the perception shown in this book are piercing; its beauty is unmistakable . . . I think it is only a question of time before he is recognized everywhere as an authentic voice of a generation which is not yet sure of its power."—*FRANK SWINNERTON* in the *Chicago Tribune.*

"A vivid, coherent and beautiful book."—*The New York Evening Post.*

"A novel to be read slowly, to be savored . . . all of the characters of the book are fully seen, fully developed. At the end there is a feeling left with the reader of having been intimate with them for years. . . . 'The Pathway' requires no elaborate organization to make it a fine book.—*JOHN W. LARUE* in the *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"To write about a mystic without making him seem too queer is a distinguished accomplishment."—*Time.*

"Far profounder and more moving than 'Tarka the Otter' . . . a book to make every American ache with homesickness . . . For its beauty and its piercing ideas, this by all means a book to read."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"A great literary achievement. Deserves a rating higher, I feel, than merely as one of the outstanding novels of the present year."—*The Quincy* (Mass.) *Patriot Ledger.*

"For those who love a leisurely book—not so much because of its plot but because it is filled with captured beauty, and its companion sadness, of inexorable life itself."—*MARY GRAHAM BONNER.*

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"Comes as an oasis in the desert. . . . a most praiseworthy piece of work."—*The New Bedford* (Mass.) *Times.*

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"It is impossible not to admit its powerful originality and its great beauty of tone and picture."—*The Yale News Literary Supplement*

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"A fine book and a book with more in it than a story, too . . . the final passage attains a beauty which the reader will never forget."—*The Sunday Oregonian* (Portland).

"Certainly a beautifully written novel, and has the very atmosphere of the English countryside as well as the scenery."—*WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.*

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"The old and sound tradition of the novel holds its own in 'The Pathway'."—*The Forum.*

"We have just finished reading a novel which for power and perfection of writing we know not the like in 1929."—*The Golden Book Magazine.*

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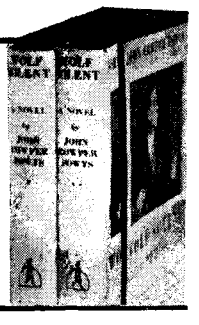

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